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EDITO

NOT-SO-HOT TAMALES

It was Col. Mike Snell who first told the press that his boys had found fifty pounds of cocaine hidden in a freezer in Manuel Noriega's house. Gen. Maxwell Thurman later upgraded the haul to fifty kilos. Now, buried on the inside pages of the papers comes an admission by the Pentagon that the substance in question was not cocaine at all, but tamales wrapped in banana leaves.

In his tour of Noriega's quarters, "Mad Max" (the sobriquet is commonplace in the European press, if not here) presented a sleazy set of exhibits—a portrait of Hitler and a bust of Napoleon, exotic weaponry, red underwear and "a collection of off-color stuff." The soldiers were "stunned by what they saw," the Defense Department said. "Soldiers aren't used to an awful lot." Be serious: What do they read in bed at Fort Bragg, *The Economist*?

American virtue and innocence in an ugly world has been the sustaining narrative of the Panama invasion, and it is now used as a defense in the tamale episode. "The guys who first saw the stuff did not know what cocaine was," the Pentagon says. But the issue is less the naïveté of our cornfed boy soldiers than the gullibility of our more worldly reporters, who swallow all this nonsense with never a word of protest and then show no greater skepticism when the Pentagon repackages its clash between good and evil—Noriega is now said to have used the tamales for unspeakable acts of witchcraft and voodoo.

Yet this incident may be the first sign that the pulp fiction demonology of the Panama invasion is unraveling. If the cocaine never existed, what else was faked? Is the legal case against Noriega too flimsy to sustain in court, too dependent on an inept prosecutor and the tainted testimony of convicted drug dealers? Were the dirty pictures really family snapshots? Was the portrait of Hitler really Charlie Chaplin?

GORBACHEV: UP OR DOWN?
Katrina vanden Heuvel
Martin Sherwin

TALES OUT OF PRESCHOOL
Alexander Cockburn

A MASS IN ZAGREB
Slavenka Drakulić

LAW: WHY AM I DOING THIS?
Chris Goodrich

WORD THIEVES
Lawrence Danson

JENNY HOLZER
Arthur C. Danto

THE U.S. AND LATIN AMERICA

TIME FOR *OUR* SINATRA DOCTRINE

CARLOS FUENTES

In December 1968—more than twenty-one years ago—Gabriel García Márquez, Julio Cortázar and I traveled to Prague. Our purpose was to show our solidarity with the Czechoslovak reform movement, which has come to be called the Prague Spring. That August, the troops of the Warsaw Pact had invaded Czechoslovakia to terminate Alexander Dubcek's experiment in democratic socialism. At the time of our arrival, Dubcek was still formally in office, and even though Prague was surrounded by Soviet tanks, the only visible signs of the invasion there were a few bullet-riddled walls and a shattered glass partition in Wenceslas Square. A soldier from one of the Soviet Union's Asian republics had smashed into it; he had never seen a glass wall before. The Czechoslovaks, who are descendants, after all, of Franz Kafka and the good soldier Schweik, instantly put up a sign: "Nothing Can Stop the Soviet Soldier."

As it turned out, the glass-breaking soldier was not an anomaly. Many of the Soviet soldiers were Asians who spoke neither Czech nor Russian. They were told they were being sent to put down a revolt in one of the Soviet republics and, thinking they were welcome liberators, they were all smiles as they drove their tanks into the city. Czechoslovak girls would offer them flowers and then spit in their faces when they bent down to take them. It was then that other wounds appeared, the internal wounds caused by this assault on socialism, on law and, above all, on hope.

What Dubcek and his advisers—Foreign Minister Jiri

(*Continued on Page 198*)

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EXCHANGE.

SEX EPISTLE

Middletown, Conn.

Michael S. Kimmel's review of *Sex and Morality in the U.S.* ["Sexual Devolution," Oct. 30, 1989] misrepresents the character of this latest report from the Kinsey Institute in several important respects. As editor of the report, with no personal or professional ties to the authors or the institute, I believe these distortions need to be identified for the benefit of interested readers.

To begin with, the survey on which this new Kinsey report is based was completed in 1970. In Kimmel's words, it was, "at the time, the most comprehensive study of American sexual attitudes ever," implying that it no longer is. In point of fact, it unfortunately has never been replicated, and, in 1990, the study still remains the only one of its kind. Moreover, the survey is unique because it attempts to relate the respondents' self-reported sexual histories (as elicited in a self-administered questionnaire) to their moral conceptions of what is sexually right and wrong.

Second, and contrary to what your reviewer writes, the analysis of the 1970 data reveals that religion and prior sexual experience, not gender, were the most consistent predictors of sexual morality. When these two variables are controlled, the effects of gender are of much less importance.

Third, the reviewer claims that the study excluded "young people and gays." The claim is false. The sample included a large number of men and women between the ages of 21 and 30.

Fourth, while Kimmel does not challenge the authors' conclusion that there was in the 1970 survey no evidence of a sexual revolution, he summarily dismisses it by insisting that the so-called revolution occurred after the study was completed. The dismissal is unwarranted. A number of questions, initially used in the 1970 Kinsey survey, have been repeatedly used in a series of national surveys conducted by the National Opinion Research Council from the 1970s through most of the 1980s. Although your reviewer curiously chose to ignore them, some of these later findings are reported on page 134 of the book. In general, these later findings consistently show that, with regard to extramarital sex, premarital sex among adolescents and homosexuality, public attitudes in the late 1980s were about as conservative as they were in 1970. The one documented change in the adult population since 1970 has been the increasingly liberal attitude toward premarital heterosexual relationships among adults, particularly if they care for one another.

For several decades a large but unknown proportion of the public believed that a sexual revolution had occurred or was occurring. Because public conceptions of morality constitute a component of morality, the Kinsey researchers looked for systematic evidence of a sexual revolution. The diverse data they collected were simply not consistent with anything remotely resembling a radical change in sexual mores. Quite the contrary, and to their surprise, they found, as Kimmel did note, a remarkably and generally conservative morality prevailing among most, though not all, of their respondents. The point I want to stress is that their discussion highlights a significant question: What are the sources and consequences of major discrepancies between public images of a society and the actual state of affairs?

Hubert J. O'Gorman

BEASTLY BOYS?

San Francisco

Perhaps the only bit of florid overstatement we can bring ourselves to agree with in Michael S. Kimmel's resentful review of our book *Burning Desires: Sex in America* is that "Chapple and Talbot are talented journalists with a keen eye for detail."

For Professor Kimmel, the lower chakras are clearly foreign territory, and David Talbot and I constitute the devil invaders of his ideologically pure ground. While Americans continue to go their wild and merry way sexually, scholastics of the left and right have been too interested in defining what is and is not politically correct sex—and politically correct writing about sex. Since *Burning Desires*, thank God, is not part of the prissy little world of limited debate that Kimmel holds so dear, he seems to feel free to distort what we wrote.

It is dead wrong to allege that we are "convinced that the sexual revolution is still in full swing." We obviously do not "write off the Beastie Boys' misogyny as cute adolescent posturing" nor do we "sympathize with 'womanizing' Washington politicos rather than the women the officials abuse and abandon." And it is absurd, at best, to assert that "women, gays and lesbians, and young people" are the "least visible" groups in *Burning Desires* and that we "ignore gays entirely." Please.

The thesis of the book, stated in the second paragraph of the introduction, so that even a Professor Kimmel would have difficulty missing it, is simple enough: "The sexual revolution was transformed by the 1980s, not terminated. True, the revolution lost its frenetic quality when confronted by the decade's new viral threats and the strong cultural backlash launched by conservatives, radical feminists and burned out sexual liberationists. But the underlying currents of the sexual revolution continued to flow through American society." In other words, teenage sexual activity remained at high levels, women continued to dismantle the sexual double standard, and the nation's gay culture was not destroyed, even in the face of the AIDS epidemic. Much has been halted by the sexual developments of that turbulent decade, but there is a new sexual underground ignored by the major media.

Of the Beasties, we write: "Along with their gay-bashing humor, there is a lot of grab-ass, a lot of sexual taunting backstage. It is the eroticized homophobia of a boys' locker room. Maybe it was because they spent so much time together, snapping towels at each other's butts in a sense, that they felt a need to keep frantically asserting their heterosexuality. But it was not just fear of homosexuality: there was a fear of sexuality itself at the heart of the Beastie Boys act. . . . In the end, the Beasties proved to be one more product of the times, a band whose underlying message was that sex is gross and stupid."

As for the abandoned women of Washington politicos, we searched out Rita Jenrette, among others, and tried to give Fanne Foxe, the intelligent stripper and lover of Representative Wilbur Mills, her due. These women are perhaps a bit wilder than the chaste ideologues Kimmel prefers to write about, but they were fascinating victims of the decade. We think it sexist that the media want a sexy bimbo at the center of their circuses, and we tried to analyze just why this is so. As for Fawn Hall, well, if after reading the pages detailing her love affair with Arturo Cruz Jr., Kimmel still considers her "abused," as he writes, then the good professor is even more naïve than we think he is.

Burning Desires is a book about the sexual politics of the 1980s. The section on Key West, the discussion of Anne Rice and the new feminized pornography, the lengthy analysis of the Reagan Administration's criminal lack of interest in AIDS funding—page after page, chapter after chapter—concern women, young people and gays. How could it be otherwise? Kimmel is unfair to the point of being unethical.

At one point, in fact, we argue that "for over a decade, feminism—along with gay liberation—had provided most of the intellectual energy (and much of the kinetic energy) in the great exploration of the country's erogenous zones." This conclusion, and many more like it, are suspiciously similar to Kimmel's views on the democratization of sexual pleasure during the 1970s, though he is not gracious enough to acknowledge that.

But something more rankles the professor. In stating our biases, we noted that as authors we "came of age with feminism and gay liberation, and while the call of these two great American movements for reproductive rights, sexual tolerance and equal opportunity became our own, our voices remain unabashedly male and heterosexual."

This may be what really got Kimmel's dander up. Straight men are not supposed to write about sex in these ideologically guarded

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EDITORIALS.

Voting Block

It's long been an article of faith on the left that increased voter registration leads to a more liberal electorate. Register enough low-income and minority citizens, the argument goes, and they can be mobilized to vote for progressives, presumably Democrats. Soon it may be possible to test that hypothesis. On the fast track in the House of Representatives is the National Voter Registration Act (H.R. 2190), which contains some surprisingly strong provisions. The bill has drawn the support of Republican legislators—the G.O.P. seemingly accepting the latest Washington wisdom that increased voter turnout will not necessarily lead to a Democratic bump.

A key reform in the bill is the so-called motor-voter provision, under which anyone applying for or renewing a driver's license would be registered automatically. This change alone could raise the registration rate from the current 63 percent of people of voting age to the 90 percent range. Of course, not everyone—especially among those with a low income—applies for a driver's license. The bill attempts to cover non-drivers by requiring states to accept unnotarized mail registration and compelling government agencies, such as unemployment and welfare offices, to provide voter registration forms and ask clients if they wish to register. It would also

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prohibit purging nonvoters from the registration lists.

But the bill doesn't go far enough. It should provide automatic registration of social service agency clients. A provision for verifying registrants by mail has caused concern among some civil rights groups that it could be misused against minorities. There is no Election Day registration; indeed, the proposed bill mandates a deadline of thirty days prior to elections—much too long.

But H.R. 2190 would expand voter rolls significantly, and therefore deserves support. The Committee for the Study of the American Electorate estimates that 6 million to 8 million Americans are deterred from voting by various institutional obstacles, including off-putting registration requirements. Of course, the bill doesn't touch the quadrennial problem of off-putting candidates.

Gorby at Bay

The past two months have been the worst in Mikhail Gorbachev's nearly five years as the leader of Soviet reform. In that brief time three successive and potentially crippling blows were dealt to his program to democratize and decentralize the Soviet political and economic system, coming from the most disparate of places: Panama, Lithuania and Azerbaijan. Even before the paroxysm of violence in Transcaucasia, however, it was clear during my stay in Moscow from mid-December to mid-January that a renewed and much invigorated conservative challenge to Gorbachev's *perestroika* was well under way in high political circles.

The American invasion of Panama was the first—and in the West the least reported—setback for Gorbachev's domestic and foreign policies. The sending of 26,000 U.S. troops to capture the dictator of a tiny country shattered Gorbachev's assumption, already disputed among the Soviet national security elite, that Washington had accepted his "new thinking," which rules out the use of force to settle international differences. Conservative Soviet civilian and military officials, forced to watch in dismay as Communist parties collapsed across Eastern Europe, were quick to note the contrast. As one military officer said in disgust, "We look like a pitiful giant." A pro-Gorbachev diplomat said to me with visible despair, "Your President has given our opponents a wonderful New Year's present."

Panama also had implications for Gorbachev's political crisis in Lithuania. The Lithuanian Communist Party's decision to secede from the Soviet party was primarily the result of Gorbachev's democratization reforms, which provided the justification and also the mechanism for the action. Central Committee conservatives, already infuriated by national multicandidate elections in March 1989 that left many of them politically humiliated and endangered as provincial overlords, protested that democratic innovations under *perestroika* and attacks on them in the mass media as a result of *glasnost* were leading to the disintegration of the Soviet Union itself. Privately, they argued that the Soviet Union should "put its house in order" in Lithuania just as the United States did in Panama. As Gorbachev warned in a speech on December 25, those influential Central Committee members were prepared to use "any means" to restore order in the Baltic region.

Then on January 13 came the riots that have led to a virtual civil war between Armenians and Azerbaijanis. The crisis not only made a shambles of Gorbachev's often-stated policy "to solve difficult problems exclusively by peaceful, political means" but, in the eyes of many Soviet officials and citizens, confirmed longstanding conservative and reactionary objections to his attempts to democratize the Soviet system. A vast nation like the Soviet Union, composed of scores of different nationalities with centuries-old ethnic feuds, the conservatives warned, will descend into chaos if there is any weakening or "liberalization" of central authority; only a strong authoritarian system, as opposed to Western-style democracy, is consistent with Russian traditions and realities and thus capable of governing the country. The conservatives, who have always insisted on the sanctity of national security institutions, are particularly outraged by what they perceive to be the impact of Gorbachev's reforms on the prestige and standing of the army. And top military leaders, who have repeatedly warned against using the army to maintain internal order, and who have protested Gorbachev's unilateral cuts in its ranks and objected to the press's post-Afghanistan "anti-military" bias, can only be further alienated by the handling of the situation in Azerbaijan.

Even before the events in Panama, Lithuania and Azerbaijan, these kinds of anti-reform views were gaining strength in the capital, even in *Staraya Ploshchad* ("Old Square"), the headquarters of the Central Committee, of which Gorbachev is nominally the chief. According to several newspaper editors and officials, the balance of forces in the party citadel has been moving in a conservative direction since the middle of last year. One sign, they report, has been the hiring of a sizable number of younger, "more clever" conservatives as Central Committee staff members.

By year's end, conservatives in the apparat felt sufficiently reinforced to have their views stated more candidly in mass circulation newspapers. On January 3, *Sovietskaya Rossiya* published a commentary critical of the Panama invasion that was also an attack on Gorbachev's conciliatory policy toward the United States. And on January 5, *Literaturnaya Rossiya* featured a scathing assault by right-wing novelist Alexander Prokhanov on Gorbachev's domestic and foreign policies. The growing number of such assaults in the Soviet press makes it difficult to share George Kennan's optimism when he told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on January 17 that any Soviet leadership would have to continue Gorbachev's foreign policies. Indeed, divisions in the Central Committee and throughout the party were so deep even before Azerbaijan that a number of party officials spoke seriously about the possibility of a formal split in the Soviet Communist Party prior to or at its national Congress, now scheduled for October.

No one can foresee the outcome of this major political crisis, probably not even Gorbachev himself. The increasingly clamorous and despotic voices of his opponents will

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certainly be heard at the Central Committee plenum on February 5. Whatever the balance of forces at that crucial meeting, those in the West who are writing premature obituaries of *perestroika* should keep in mind that even with its legions of enemies, Gorbachev's reforms have millions of Soviet supporters. And even in the best of political circumstances, so long as he stands at the head of Soviet reform, Gorbachev will be an embattled leader with an overarching vision of where he wants to go. He has never minimized the risks of *perestroika* and the enormous obstacles it faces. The struggle to reform the Soviet system is far from over.

KATRINA VANDEN HEUVEL

Gorby and Z

On January 4 *The New York Times* published an article, signed only "Z," on its Op-Ed page, adapted from the forthcoming Winter issue of *Daedalus*, the journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. William Safire, who arranged for its publication, wrote an accompanying column adorned by paraphrastic commentary. "In the nick of time" Z has provided "substantial intellectual underpinning for the don't-save-Communism gang," Safire crowed. The article's title, "To the Stalin Mausoleum," Safire reminded his readers, was "a play on Edmund Wilson's *To the Finland Station*, about Lenin." Recalling George Kennan, he implied that Z could well be the successor to "X."

If so, the Z doctrine needs a name. "Malign neglect" has the dual advantage of being both descriptively accurate and, like the article, derivative. Using a questionable historical analysis of the sources of the Soviet empire's evil conduct, Z recommends that the United States withhold economic aid from Gorbachev in order not to interfere with the necessary "dwindling away of the [Communist] system." That Z also favors "reducing the mutual burden of armaments," and aid for the "private sector operating on market principles," is surely good news for McDonald's, but hardly adequate for transforming the Soviet economy.

The publication of this unattributed, politically charged article in *The Times* has done a disservice to an important issue of *Daedalus*. Devoted to a broad discussion of Eastern Europe, its other articles, written by identifiable intellectuals, deserve the attention focused on Z.

Yet the search for Z is understandable and, because of the author's intended political purpose, justified. It makes a difference whether Z is Theodore Draper or Calvin Trillin; an American, a Russian or a European. If Z is a government official in any country, East or West, *Daedalus* has an obligation to inform its readers of that critical fact.

But regardless of Z's identity, how should the text be evaluated? "To the Stalin Mausoleum" offers neither new information about nor an original interpretation of Soviet history. Rather, it presents a single-minded answer to a longstanding debate over the fundamental character of the Soviet state.

Z asks two questions: "Can Gorbachev succeed? Should we help him?" The answers: Not on his own, and No! Attempting to control the tilt of the Bush Administration's Soviet policy, Z presses the "totalitarian interpretation" of the evolution of the Soviet experiment from 1917 to Gorbachev. Z finds its foundations solidly planted in war Communism, and its trajectory unaltered by significant deviations in the past seventy years. Distinctions that other scholars have drawn between Lenin and Stalin, between war Communism and the New Economic Policy, between Bukharin and Stalin and Khrushchev, are dismissed as either the figments of the "revisionist" Western "social science" imagination, or of little consequence compared with the Leninist structures and institutions that have made communism Communism.

As for Gorbachev, he's a reformer, not a revolutionary. Smart enough to have recognized in 1985 that the ship of state he inherited was sinking, he is too much of a Communist to abandon the rust bucket. That leaves him, according to Z, with the worst of two possible worlds: "An old one that refuses to die and a new one without the strength to be born." Here Z is definitely not pro-life. The United States should not play midwife, because support for Gorbachev's reforms would imply the existence of an alternative between socialism and capitalism. "But there is no third way between Leninism and the market," Z declares with a certainty reminiscent of discredited Marxism, a tone that pervades the article.

Just as Z's historical determinism supports a political purpose, it undermines the article's analysis, as events since its publication reveal. Romania is no longer the "frozen Albania" that Z expected it to remain. Nor does Gorbachev's recent remark in Lithuania, that a multiparty system would "not be a tragedy," fit Z's conclusion that Gorbachev "clearly" will not relinquish the Communist Party's leading role. Conventional wisdom persists even in unconventional times.

Fixated on the Communist Party's demise, Z neglects the consequences of such a position, and the broader goals that U.S. foreign policy should pursue. Nowhere in these forty dense pages and forty-seven endnotes does Z discuss the impact of the disintegration of the Soviet government, or the Soviet state, on European security. While Z may welcome the end of Communism, both internally and externally, the distinct possibility of massive bloodletting, anarchy and attendant international chaos suggests that, out of self-interest, the United States and its allies should provide strong support for Gorbachev as he oversees the forces of transformation he has unleashed.

Finally, Z's analysis is obsolete. Whether the interpretation of Soviet history is right or wrong is irrelevant, not only for the reasons cited above but for others even Z cites. If Gorbachev is the "reactive" political tactician Z claims, then his actions cannot be predicted, even by Gorbachev himself. That too argues for an active U.S. role rather than the neoconservative isolationism Z recommends. If Z is a government official, we can only hope that he, or she, works in a library.

MARTIN J. SHERWIN

Martin J. Sherwin, Walter S. Dickson Professor of History, is director of Tufts University's Nuclear Age History and Humanities Center.

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

Out of the Mouths of Babes: Child Abuse and the Abuse of Adults

In the summer of 1983 Judy Johnson, the mother of a 2-year-old, complained to the police of Manhattan Beach, a rich seaside city in greater Los Angeles, that her son had been sodomized by "Mr. Ray." This turned out to be Ray Buckey, a teacher at the McMartin infant school founded by his grandfather. The boy was examined and pronounced to be telling the truth. Buckey was arrested, released, re-arrested and then spent four years in prison awaiting trial.

In the months following his first arrest panic convulsed parents in Manhattan Beach. The police had sent them letters asking for information about abuse. By the spring of 1984 Buckey, his mother, grandmother, sister and three fellow teachers had been arrested; later they would be charged on 208 counts involving forty-one children. The police announced they had thirty-six suspects as yet uncharged and no fewer than 1,200 alleged victims of abuse. Amid the hysteria seven other infant schools in Manhattan Beach had to close.

The charges made by the children were gothic in their detail. The children said they had witnessed devil worship in a church; had been photographed naked; had had sticks, silverware and screwdrivers stuck up their bottoms; had been marched to mortuaries and cemeteries where they dug up corpses with shovels and pickaxes; had been flown in airplanes; had been given red or pink liquid that made them sleepy; had been buried alive; had seen naked priests cavorting in a secret cellar below the school; had seen one teacher fly; had observed three abusers "dressed up as witches"; had seen Ray Buckey kill a horse with a baseball bat.

At almost exactly the same time that Judy Johnson was making the charges that provoked the longest trial in U.S. legal history (at a cost of $15 million) Christine Brown of Jordan, Minnesota, was making similar accusations of abuse of her daughter by James Rud, a trash collector living in a trailer park. Among those subsequently implicated by children in the trailer park was this same Christine Brown, a twice-married mother of five, hit with eighteen counts of criminal sex conduct and of participating with other adults in oral sex with youngsters.

Christine turned for help to her older sister Helen and brother-in-law Tom Brown (they all shared the same surname), who mortgaged their house to post bail. Two months later the prosecutor, an unstable woman named Kathleen Morris, who once spat on an interlocutor in her office, had Tom and Helen arrested for child abuse. They were jailed for five days, and shortly thereafter about forty people met in City Hall to speak out against the arrests. These included an automobile painter named Bob Bentz and his wife, Lois, and an eight-year police veteran, Greg Myers. In the next few weeks Bob and Lois Bentz, Greg Myers and his wife, Jane, and Dwayne and Dee Rank, who had picked up the Browns from jail, were all arrested for child abuse. Sheriff's Deputy Don Buchan and his wife, Cindy, for whom Jane Myers had baby-sat, feared that their children might have been abused. But the more they looked into the charges, the more baseless they found them to be. The Buchans were duly arrested for child abuse.

In the end everyone except James Rud, the original accused, was released, and the prosecutor investigated by Minnesota's State Board of Professional Responsibility. Tom Brown lost his twelve-year trucking job. Police Officer Myers became a part-time construction worker. Dwayne Rank, a lathe operator, ran up $50,000 in legal costs and he and Dee had to give up their house. Buchan held his job in the sheriff's department but faces a $200,000 legal bill. The strain destroyed Bob and Lois Bentz's marriage. Christine Brown left the area. Helen Brown got her two children back after they had spent fourteen months in foster care.

The Jordan children told stories almost as lurid as those from Manhattan Beach, and the charges that destroyed lives in those two towns spread rapidly across the country in the months and years that followed. Children in more than a hundred cities, from Fort Bragg, California, to Grenada, Mississippi, came forward. In June 1984 children in Sacramento told of witnessing orgies, cannibalism and snuff films. Two months later in Miami children reported being made to drink urine and eat feces. In Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, in March 1985 two children said adults had forced them into having oral sex with a goat and eating a dismembered deer's raw heart. In November 1985 in Maplewood, New Jersey, a 24-year-old woman was indicted on 235 counts of "repulsively bizarre acts" alleged by infants, such as assaulting children with tampons, playing the piano naked and licking peanut butter and jelly off their bodies. In April 1986 children in a preschool in Sequim, Washington, charged they had been taken to graveyards and forced to witness animal sacrifice. In Chicago children said they had been made to eat a boiled baby. A boy in a Memphis preschool said his teacher, Frances Ballard, had, among innumerable perversions, put a bomb in a hamster and blown it up after children counted to 11. She was acquitted of fifteen charges but, in what seems to be an appalling miscarriage of justice, went to prison supposedly for kissing a 4-year-old boy on his genitals.

Satan's Hoofprints

These details come from two reporters with the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, Tom Charlier and Shirley Downing. In a magnificent series in late 1987 they surveyed nearly two score investigations of "ritual abuse" against children and compared the cases and the children's charges. Many of them have a venerable antecedent, going back at least as far as Roman accusations against Christians in the second century. Others belong to what these days is called urban legend—lurid tales endlessly recycled, like the one about the phantom hitchhiker or the prosthetic hook hanging from the car door.

Of the thirty-six investigations reviewed by Charlier and Downing, all launched after the summer of 1983 and most of them concluded by 1987, ninety-one people were arrested and

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charged, and of the seventy-nine defendants whose cases have been heard, twenty-three were convicted, mostly of lesser charges, some of which have been reversed.

On January 18 of this year came the denouement to the most sensational case of all. A jury acquitted Ray Buckey and his mother, Peggy McMartin Buckey, on fifty-two counts of molestation after deliberating for nine weeks over evidence presented to it over two years. On thirteen remaining counts against Ray the court was deadlocked and a mistrial declared. He could be retried on those.

Buckey's life has been effectively ruined. His mother is suing for wrongful prosecution. The woman who started it all, Judy Johnson, is quit of the case. She died in 1986 of an alcohol-related illness. She had also claimed that her son had been sodomized by an AWOL marine who she said had inflicted similar treatment (oral or anal, it is impossible to say, since the word can refer to assaults through either orifice) on the family dog. Johnson, who had a history of mental illness, also said her son—age 2, remember—had described sex rituals in churches and animal sacrifice.

The Great Fear

Why did this hysteria commence? An immediate response, by no means improper, is that "hysteria" is an unkind word for a long overdue concern with child abuse. More than 100,000 cases are reported each year, most involving incest. By the early 1980s American society had evolved sufficiently for it to confront with some measure of determination the sexual persecution of children. In 1984 the F.B.I. circulated nationally an advisory on child sex abuse which, in retrospect, may have fueled the paranoia.

It's clear from reading accounts of the various cases that many of the adults bringing the charges felt they were deeply involved in a national cause. An important issue in the Buckey trial was whether some major players in the case had themselves been abused as children. But it's also clear that some terrible injustices were done. The press was greatly to blame and so were ambitious prosecutors eager to make a name for themselves.

In a January 19–22 series on press coverage of the Buckey case, reporter David Shaw of the *Los Angeles Times* wrote a deadly account of the media frenzy that took place after the accusations first surfaced, making it clear that the essential function of most of the press had been to act as a conduit for the prosecution. The reporter responsible for breaking the story of the McMartin investigation was Wayne Satz of KABC in Los Angeles. He had an intimate relationship with Kee MacFarlane, who worked as a "therapist" for Children's Institute International and who interviewed the McMartin infants and promulgated their charges. Her only credential was a certificate as "welder-sculptor" from an Ohio welding school.

In the hysterical atmosphere the prosecutors felt they could get away with anything, and journalists eagerly lapped up their charges. Preposterous "experts" were dutifully quoted. One California doctor of the mind claimed to have identified symptoms in children abused by satanic cults—said symptoms including "fear of monsters," making farting noises, and laughing when other children farted. In general most expertise was rickety, often absurdly so. Examiners would tell a child to bend over, and if their scrutiny was greeted by an "anal wink"—i.e., contraction of the sphincter—they would pronounce the child abused.

But if there was a general social awakening to the reality and pervasiveness of child abuse, in which some children's testimony was taken too seriously precisely because in the past it had not been taken seriously enough, there was also the receptive atmosphere of the early Reagan years. The attempt to recreate the McCarthy hearings directly—Senator Jeremiah Denton's investigation into "terrorism"—was a comic flop. But society was ripe for a witch hunt nonetheless, and the accumulated energies poised to this end displaced themselves onto the cause of hunting for bodysnatchers of the nation's children.

Indeed, commie hunters and Satan hunters share the same paranoid mind frame. The Memphis Police Department's supposed expert on satanic crimes, Sgt. Jerry Davis, known to his colleagues as Mr. Conspirator, was in the late 1960s head of a criminal intelligence unit infiltrating Memphis student groups in search of subversives. In the total war against child abusers Iowa officials sought but failed to obtain sanction to strip and probe children without parental permission in search of evidence of abuse.

The laws of this chase would have been the envy of the seventeenth-century prosecutors at Salem. The accusers were infants as young as 2 and 3, permitted in fifty states to testify without corroboration from adults or physical evidence; without cross-examination in many states; to have their charges merely reported by adults as hearsay in many states. These infants had themselves been interrogated as many as thirty times by social workers or other investigators, told they would remain separated from their parents if they retracted their charges, held in sterile environments during questioning, to a degree that one critic described as kindred to "brainwashing" in the Korean War.

So the nation went on the hunt for Satan, and the search rapidly took on the usual populist impedimenta: priests conducting perverted masses in cellars, gulping down children's blood and performing other tricks of the heterodox trade. Rocking chairs disappeared from infant schools so teachers would not be compelled to hold children in their laps. Teachers took care never to be left alone with infants. Video monitors scanned playrooms, for teachers' protection. In this purgative frenzy many lives were destroyed. Perhaps we may console ourselves that children have been fortified in confidence that at last they can tell somebody about what had happened behind the woodshed. But even here the hysteria has diminished the credibility of this infant witness.

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BELTWAY BANDITS.

DAVID CORN

■ Let Them Eat Crumbs

"It is a travesty that the Senate should now be seriously considering a huge tax cut for the very wealthy with no evidence it will assist the economy." This quote from Senator George Mitchell, uttered last November right before he successfully engineered a vote to kill the proposed reduction in the capital gains tax, has become ancient history. As Congress reconvened, the majority leader announced that he alone could no longer hold back those of his Democratic colleagues who yearn to vote a tax cut for the well-to-do. In fact, last fall, according to a Congressional leadership aide, Mitchell made a deal with the Senate Democrats who favored the tax break: Give me two votes against capital gains and then you're free to vote however you want. Only this way was Mitchell able to thwart the will of the Senate, where a majority favored some version of the tax cut. On the House side, Dan Rostenkowski, the not-so-powerful chair of the Ways and Means Committee, who last fall failed to stop the House from voting for the tax cut, has also indicated that he needs help in beating back capital gains fever: "I'm not going to be out there alone again."

During the last round, the urge to cut the capital gains rate spread so quickly through the House that citizen groups opposing it had little time to protest. "The members did not hear from anyone but their contributors," concedes Robert McIntyre, director of Citizens for Tax Justice, which is now leading a coalition of unions, civil rights organizations and other progressive groups in an ambitious and offbeat grassroots campaign. Under the banner "Send Your Crumbs to Congress," coalition members will try to deluge Capitol Hill with envelopes containing detritus from the toasters of voters. The message: The rich get richer, and all we get are crumbs; or, this is a crummy idea. The plan is for more than a dozen national unions and other citizen groups to send out custom-designed envelopes to about 7.5 million members, and the hope is for a 5 percent return, producing 375,000 packages of crumbs delivered to lawmakers. Since Mitchell and Rostenkowski cannot keep enough of their party comrades in line on capital gains, they will need all the crumbs they can get.

■ The Best Offense Is an Offense

For the Democratic leadership in Congress, the burden of devising a strategy for the capital gains fight has been complicated by Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan. Moynihan threw out the first curve ball of the Congressional season by proposing to cut the Social Security payroll tax, which for years he has characterized, quite rightly, as a regressive tax. But Moynihan is playing fiscal brinkmanship. His aim is to reveal the true size of the deficit, which is hidden on paper by the Social Security reserve. Moreover, the taxes ostensibly raised for Social Security are not going into any discrete interest-bearing account and being set aside for future disbursement. Instead they buy government bonds, meaning the U.S. government is using regressive taxes to finance loans to itself to cover the general costs of current deficit-producing operations. Sounds suspect? It is.

Moynihan's motive, it is widely presumed, is to help pave the way for an income tax hike. Show the deficit for what it is, and the public and legislators will see the need for higher and fairer taxes. But, as Jeff Faux of the Economic Policy Institute points out, there is cause to worry that Moynihan's ploy might backfire by prompting more pressure for cutbacks in social spending. "If you make the deficit situation appear worse," he says, "you make it harder for someone to stand up and say we have to spend more money on kids." Moynihan's fellow Democrats certainly should join him in maintaining that working-class Americans have been stuck with a disproportionate share of the tax tab. (Faux notes that in the past ten years the tax burden has increased for the bottom 80 percent and decreased for the top 1 percent.) But Democrats need to address the Social Security tax within a larger framework that deals explicitly with income taxes, the military budget and the need for more social investment. The same goes for the issue of capital gains. Those who take the easy way out by embracing Moynihan's plan to offset the proposed capital gains cut are playing a risky game.

■ Smoke Gets in Your Eyes

The leading drug cartel that recently enlisted one government agency to help it enhance its image may now be about to penetrate the highest level of another. Philip Morris, the largest U.S. tobacco company, has just initiated a two-year $60 million advertising campaign with the National Archives to promote the Bill of Rights. Public health and anti-smoking groups, wondering how the Archives can sanction a business whose profits depend on pushing the most lethal of legalized drugs, have called on the agency to give Philip Morris the boot. Their outrage has been newly fanned by reports that President Bush is on the verge of nominating James Breedlove, a top Philip Morris executive, to be a member of the Federal Trade Commission. Several of these groups have sent letters to the White House signaling their intention to fight the nomination. As Dr. William McBeath, the head of the American Public Health Association, wrote Bush, "To nominate as Commissioner of the FTC a man who . . . has spent the last fifteen years of his life working for the largest tobacco and alcoholic beverage company in the United States is an act of potential danger to the future health of Americans."

If Bush does try to hand one of the five commission posts to Smokin' Breedlove, he would be imitating the regulatory behavior of his former boss Reagan, who invariably entrusted foxes with the keys to the chicken coop. The F.T.C. oversees the advertising and marketing practices of not only the tobacco industry but also the food and alcoholic beverage industries, which Philip Morris, the corporate parent of Kraft General Foods and Miller Brewing, also dominates. On the F.T.C. Breedlove would be a triple threat.

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ARTICLES.

CROSS AND RED STAR

My First Midnight Mass

SLAVENKA DRAKULIĆ

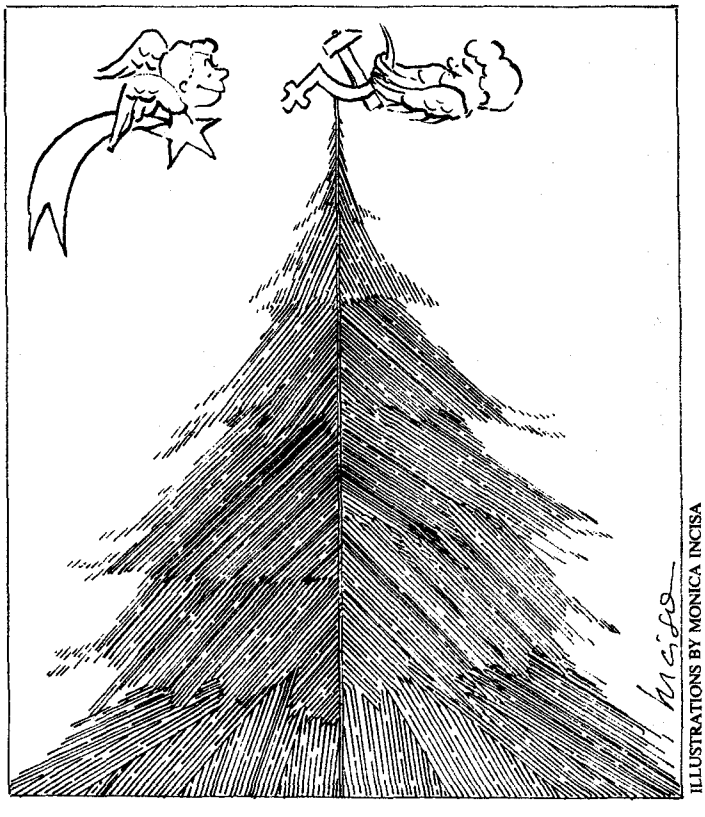
Zagreb, Yugoslavia

I am the child of a Yugoslav Army officer who was a Communist, so everything was perfectly clear from the start: God does not exist, religion is the opiate of the people and churches are nothing more than monuments of history and culture. In our house we never celebrated Christmas or Easter. My mother sometimes made a slightly better dinner than usual on those days, and she'd bake a cake, but the name of the holiday would never be mentioned, and we would never decorate our tree before New Year's Eve. Yet I can still remember how the entranceway of the building where we lived in Split used to start smelling of special Dalmatian pastries, walnut roll, codfish chowder, cinnamon and ground poppy seeds. I was especially fond of the cakes that my friend Sandra's grandmother from the first floor used to make. Sandra's father was a salesman, and they were the only ones in the building who had a car and a television set—that was back in 1959 when we moved there from Zadar—and we children from the neighboring apartments would gather in their living room (the salon, as it was called) and watch Italian Christmas specials, munching almond and vanilla cookies that left sweet, sticky traces on our fingertips.

Our holiday, mine and my brother's, always seemed to come a little later for reasons we couldn't fathom. We got our presents a week after the rest of the children in the building, and that was how we knew we were different. We never asked why; we knew it was something not to be discussed. That was how our grandmother taught us. When she took us for walks she would leave us at the church door, afraid we'd "betray" her to our father if she let us go in with her. For Easter at her house we ate sweet braided bread, and we dyed eggs with her. "Don't tell Daddy," Grandma kept warning us, as if something terrible might happen if we did. Today I am sure he must have noticed our stained hands; the dye was so hard to wash off.

My father died recently and was laid to rest with all the military honors befitting an officer and former partisan fighter. In the little coastal town where he was buried, the church bell was supposed to toll as it always did for funerals. But the bell didn't toll for him—the parish priest was away and the chaplain wasn't entirely sure whether he dared to toll for an army officer. He should have, the priest said later. The man had been born in old Yugoslavia—he was baptized and had taken Communion, after all.

Before he died, my father made his peace with the church, and in so doing beat the state to it. In 1989, for the first time in more than forty years a public celebration of Christmas was permitted and it was proclaimed an unofficial holiday. In his own life my father had already reconciled state and church, atheism and tradition, Communism and Christianity. He was old and sick, shattered by the death of his son. Faced with that fact, all ideologies suddenly melted away, meaningless. All he cared about was that his son's burial be accompanied by a solemn and dignified ceremony. Perhaps the thought of it reminded him of his own childhood, the scent of the incense, the flickering of the candles and the gilt on the altar, the sound of the organ. And so when my mother, barely able to muster the courage, asked him if my brother could be buried with a religious funeral, he acquiesced. I could hardly believe it. He, who had been remolding this daughter of devout Catholics for more than forty years, forbidding her to go to church (the wife of an officer!), to baptize her children, to celebrate Christmas. He sat in church on that autumn day, calm and steady. It was hard for me to look at him, not only because of his suffering but because he had been so rigid for so long, and because I felt as if I had been denied something because of him—though perhaps nothing more than a few holiday cakes. Because Grandma and Mother feared him and because we had had to lie. For a moment I felt betrayed, as if I were still a child and I were the one who had caught him out lying this time. And then, so wizened and bowed, so inwardly focused, he leaned forward and rested his forehead on his hands as if it had all become too difficult, too unreal—his



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MONICA INCISA

Slavenka Drakulić is a Yugoslav journalist and writer whose latest novel, Marble Skin, *is a best seller in Yugoslavia.*

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son's sudden death, the prayers, the wooden pew, his own devastated life. I felt clearly that the armor of Communist ideology that had constricted him had long ago lost its meaning. A month later he was buried by his son's side. On Father's grave is a red star, on the other a cross.

As fate would have it, my mother went to midnight mass for the first time in forty-three years when she visited me here in Zagreb this past Christmas. Because she no longer had my father to keep her from it, or the fear that going would be doing something "wrong." "I know he would let me go today," she said, as if to justify herself in my eyes. Her tone suggested that she saw in my atheism something of Father's old rigidity. I decided to go with her, without clearly realizing that it would be my first time ever. We went to the nearest church, St. John the Baptist, a Baroque structure that is more than 200 years old, I learned from the sermon. I was familiar only with the lawn behind it, where I walk my dog. In the ten years I have been living in this part of Zagreb, I have never set foot inside the church. I don't say this with any particular sense of pride (while visiting Perugia I peered into every church, even the smallest). I simply feel that they are not something I need, though they don't bother me.

When we entered the already crowded church a few minutes before midnight I felt like an intruder as I explored the interior with cynical eyes: the blue curtain on the left that depicted the heavens with stars cut out of silver foil, the marbled walls, the surfeit of light blue and ocher in the frescoes and the painting of an unknown saint on the ceiling above the first nave, from whose navel was suspended a great crystal chandelier. For me churches are either architectural monuments or palaces of kitsch. But another image emerged in my mind: That afternoon in the television pictures from Bucharest I had seen people carrying Christmas trees home freely for the first time; in the distance I could hear the sputtering of machine-gun fire.

The church was crowded. There were perhaps 300 people pressed into a space built to hold only half that number. Most of them were young. I recognized the faces of neighbors, several actors, a journalist, the old lady who sells flowers, the local drunk. One minute before midnight all the lights shone brightly and the church choir sang the Kyrie eleison. The young man standing next to me in a leather jacket sang in a deep, strong voice—out of tune, but he sang. The prayer started, then the reading from the missals. Or at least I think it went in that order; I wasn't interested in the prayers or the people standing there (although I did notice out of the corner of my eye a woman in a coat of real leopard fur leaning against the left wall, and a large black hat in front of me with a peacock feather in it, and the long, refined face of a girl who sang with closed eyes). I wasn't moved by the solemnity of a rite I was hearing for the first time, but by something altogether different. I looked at my mother and I saw that she, too, was singing—softly, haltingly, almost to herself, murmuring the words of the prayer in muted tones with the hundreds of people around her. After so many years, she still knew all the words! Perhaps I should have expected as much. Of course I should have. But I looked at her in surprise, with fascination, with even a tinge of envy. What could I sing? I remembered a book, *Partisan Songs*, I'd been given by a teacher in second grade. My mother was mouthing the words of the church liturgy by heart, without a thought, while the only words that I could recall just then were from those combat songs. Between us there were twenty-three years in age, a war, a revolution and another faith that had taught its children other prayers.

In the meantime, from the loudspeakers above my head came the words of the priest's sermon. "This year," he said, "we are celebrating Christmas more joyously than we have in many years past." I thought he would make only veiled references to politics, wishes for peace "which this silent, holy night should bring the world." But he was soon off in Eastern Europe, at the Berlin wall, in Budapest and Timisoara, praying for the souls of all those who had not lived to celebrate this Yuletide holiday. "We knew that it would happen. We have been waiting for it for decades." His voice resonated from the loudspeakers, hovering like a prophecy over our heads. "This is the Lord at work! The Lord created man to be free, which is why the struggle for freedom in Eastern Europe is God's work!" They couldn't possibly believe him, I thought. Why had God waited so long?

Suddenly it was all too much: Cardinal Kuharic's Christmas wishes that had been broadcast on television three times in the course of the evening, the broadcasts live from Rome, live from Bethlehem, live from the Zagreb Cathedral. Too much of the headlines in the newspapers, the Christmas gifts, the Christmas cards—the whole garish circus. I felt as if, after being hungry for so long, I had overeaten. If it had gone no further than the candles and the incense, the organ music and prayers, the wishes for peace . . . but from the loudspeakers the priest's baritone voice was still undulating in an exalted account of his experience singing Christmas carols the evening before in the city's biggest basketball arena. "Why did we have to wait forty-five years to sing Christmas carols in freedom, together, in a sports hall that was not built for such things? Who was it offending?" the priest wondered with a hint of bitterness, knowing he would not receive an answer, that the answer didn't matter. And on he went. He spoke more, on faith, on patience—but I could no longer listen. At that moment, I was sure that my first Christmas mass was going to be the only one—at least, for me. □

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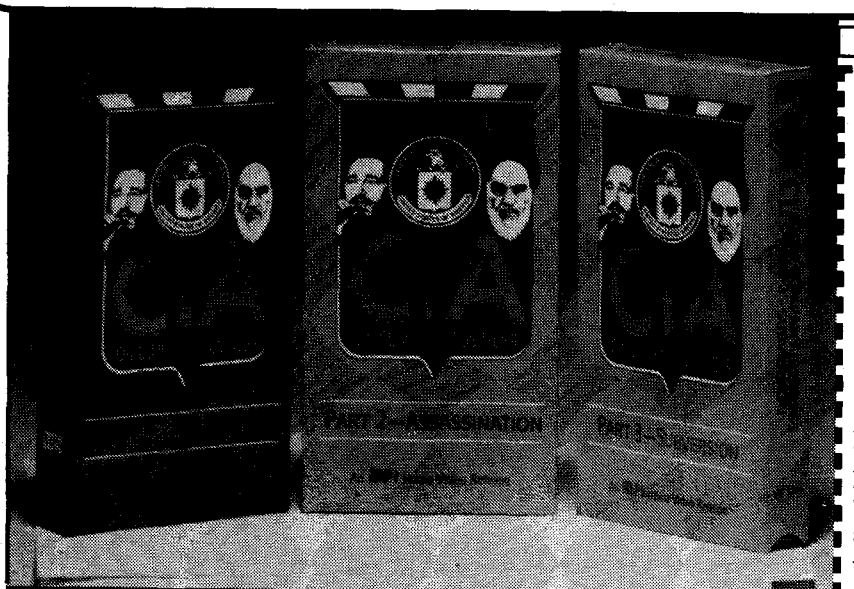

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UNIONS ON CAMPUS

Lessons of the Harvard Drive

CRAIG BECKER

Harvard University holds a special place in the American imagination. Steeped in tradition, its ivy-covered walls conjure up images of Puritan divines and Brahmin transcendentalists: a timeless world, where the debate is over the life of the mind, not making a living. In this world a labor union has no place.

This past October, however, Harvard signed a collective bargaining agreement with its white-collar employees—secretaries, lab technicians and others, a work force composed mainly of women. On May 17, 1988, those workers had voted to be represented by the Harvard Union of Clerical and Technical Workers, an affiliate of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees (AFSCME). The agreement provides for wage increases and greater job security, and also for maternity and paternity leave, child care and a decentralized system of joint labor-management problem solving.

The success of the Harvard union stands as a landmark in the drive of university clerical workers to organize. Blue-collar workers at Harvard and other schools have been organized for decades, but clerical and technical employees only recently. In 1983 clerical workers in the University of California system voted to be represented by AFSCME, at Columbia they joined the United Automobile Workers and at Yale the Hotel Employees and Restaurant Employees. In 1984 clerical workers at state universities in Iowa joined AFSCME. And in 1988 clerical workers at Adelphi, Cincinnati and Bridgeport universities voted for union representation. Almost 40 percent of the clerical work force is organized at public universities and a quarter of it at private universities.

Last spring John Sheridan Associates, a management consulting firm, sent a letter to university presidents warning that the Harvard "'model' of labor-management relations" will be "*exported* by the union to other colleges." Workers will be urged, "'If it's good enough for Harvard . . . it's good enough for you.'" To "meet this threat," Sheridan offered its union-busting skills, honed while serving clients from Ramada Inn to Carnegie-Mellon University.

Such solicitations highlight the difficulties university workers face in organizing. Virtually every private university has opposed unionization. At Harvard, the administration provided supervisors a 104-page manual detailing antiunion arguments. It distributed glossy pamphlets and a series of letters to the entire staff, disputing the union's "false claim." Supervisors invited small groups of workers to tea, serving cookies and lecturing on the evils of unions. Harvard president Derek Bok sent a letter to each employee. "I am not at all persuaded," he wrote, "that union representation and collective bargaining will improve the working environment at Harvard." The university appointed Anne Taylor, an attorney formerly with the National Labor Relations Board, to run its campaign.

Not surprisingly, organizing at Harvard was slow going (the union drive began in 1974, in the medical school), and the margin of victory was slim—only 44 votes, of more than 3,000 cast, with 41 challenges. Nor did the university acquiesce in the result. It filed objections with the N.L.R.B., alleging election-day misconduct. Not until an N.L.R.B. judge ruled against Harvard did the university begin bargaining. "Nothing came easy," as the lead organizer, Kris Rondeau, put it, "from signing a union card, to wearing a button at work, to voting yes." At other universities the pattern of events was similar: initial losses, narrow victories, university opposition. Nonetheless, since 1971, 70 percent of campus clerical organizing drives have ended in union certification.

What lessons can be learned from the union's victory at Harvard? Can organizing on campus offer an example for labor elsewhere? Not easily, it would appear, because of the seemingly unique features of the university workplace. But a closer study shows that campus workers have overcome barriers to organizing that are similar to those existing outside the academy.

State universities and established private institutions cannot flee across borders like runaway shops in other industries. Offsetting this physical stability, however, is the high rate of employee turnover, which impedes organizing. At Harvard, calculations of annual turnover range from 40 percent to 26 percent. Even the lower figure (which Harvard claims is "about average for universities") means that half those involved in a union drive will be gone after two years.

Equally distinctive is the openness of the academy. Union organizers often cannot get through factory gates or office doors. The Supreme Court has upheld the right of most employers to post their property against trespass. In universities, however, many employees work in places open not only to students and the public but also to organizers and fellow employees interested in talking union. Such access during the workday is especially important when, as in universities, employees are mainly women, who bear a disproportionate share of domestic responsibility and have little time for meetings after work.

But openness on campus has its flip side. University workers tend to be more dispersed and isolated than workers in other settings; often they work more closely with their boss than with one another. The jobs are less collective and more varied than in factories or offices. At Harvard, employees work in more than 400 buildings, spread out across Cambridge, Boston and farther away at the Harvard Forest. They are divided into 150 classifications, from secretary to piano technician, sous chef to animal facilities assistant. The administration exploited this diversity in arguing against the

Craig Becker, who teaches labor law at the University of California, Los Angeles, represented the Harvard Union of Clerical and Technical Workers during its organizing drive.

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union. According to Bok, a union would homogenize working conditions by seeking "uniform treatment" of wages and employment terms, whereas the university offered "flexibility and personal choice."

Universities are also singular in granting job security to some of their unorganized employees—tenured faculty—and allowing them a limited governance role. The Supreme Court has stressed the unusual features of the professor's position. Under federal labor law, managers (as the Court defines most professors) are not protected when engaging in union activities. But the Court has also noted that "collegiality and tenure insulate the professor" from sanctions that can be applied to an "industrial manager" who defies company policy. University customs inhibit administrators from fully mobilizing managerial staff against unions.

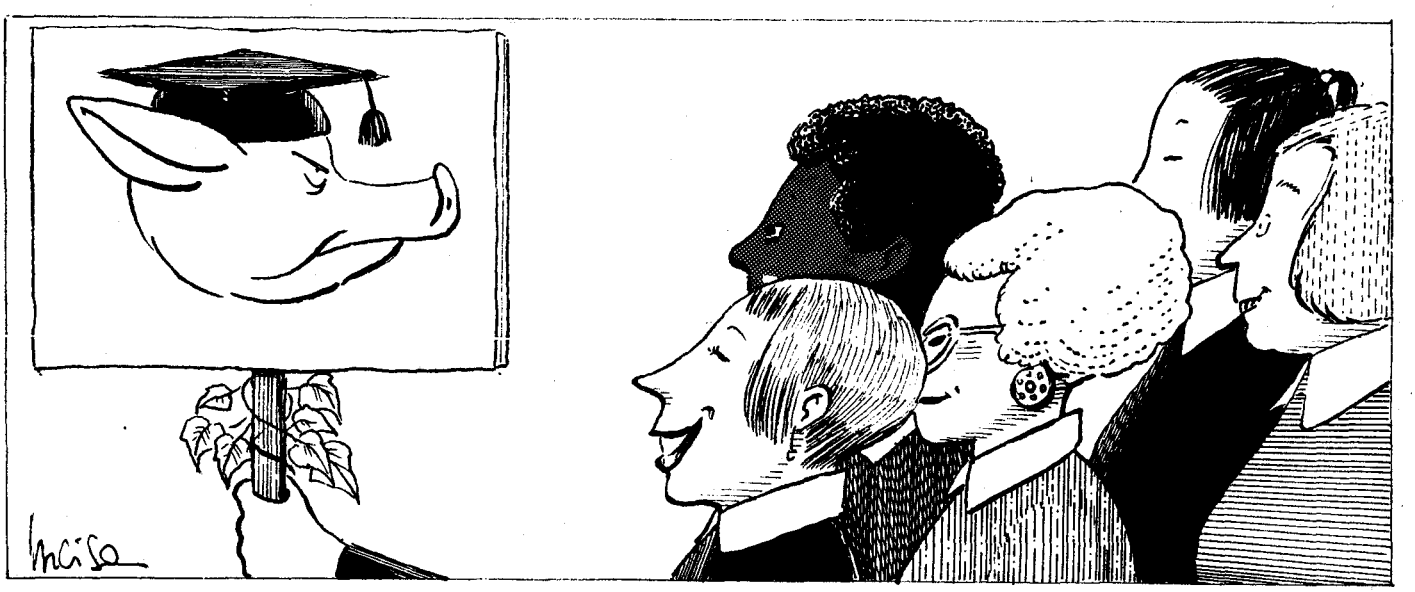
Privileged with job security, professors may prove willing to challenge the administration's authority over labor matters. At Harvard, an advertisement in the student newspaper, the *Crimson*, pledged: "Harvard Union of Clerical and Technical Workers—We're With You!" and was signed by several faculty members. "A Message from Members of the Harvard Faculty" also circulated on campus. Signed by twenty-seven professors, the message said, "We neither support nor oppose the union" but "merely urge that the University management remain scrupulously neutral during the organizing drive."

Such statements obviously fall short of a wholesale effort to alter university labor policy. At Yale, the strike of white-collar workers in 1984 prompted the largest faculty meeting since the turbulent debates of the early 1970s, but the faculty decided to endorse the administration's refusal to enter into binding arbitration. As if to underscore the faculty's marginality, the administration not only rejected arbitration by an outside third party but also a union proposal to submit the dispute to a panel of professors.

Typically, professors serve merely as a buffer, inhibiting administrators from adopting management's dirtiest tricks. At Harvard, the union successfully blocked the administration's effort to postpone the election until the end of the school year. In part, the administration simply wanted a longer time to counter the union drive. But union supporters also believed that in the summer, without faculty and students on campus, administrators would be less constrained and the staff more vulnerable.

Finally, universities are distinctive in being nonprofit. Even more so than other institutions that do not measure their accomplishments in cash, universities pay deference to ideals different from those of the market. Ideally, the university is a place of dialogue, where ideas have special currency and speech is unfettered. But workers argue that in seeking to check unions, administrators betray the university's ideals. Sometimes this betrayal is obvious. During the strike at Yale, the Connecticut Civil Liberties Union protested on behalf of staff and students who had been disciplined for "engaging in strike-related speech." At other times, it is more subtle. At Harvard, the union questioned whether the administration's campaign was simply communication, as the university said, or rather a sophisticated form of coercion. The union's statement of principles declared: "No employer should use its power, financial influence, prestige and access to all channels of communication to influence its employees not to join a union."

This was precisely the reasoning Derek Bok had used some years earlier, when he was a professor of labor law at Harvard. In a textbook written with Archibald Cox, he argued that employer antiunion campaigns were "inconsistent" with national labor policy guaranteeing "full freedom" to organize. According to Bok and Cox, any argument that "discloses the speaker's strong wishes" is not purely "an appeal to reason if the listener is in the speaker's power." But during the election campaign, Harvard employed the rhetoric of academic freedom to justify its opposition. Anne Taylor contended, "In this community, where debate is a tradition, it would be wrong to be silent." Even so, the administration displayed ambivalence. Before the vote, Taylor bluntly said, "We don't want a union, we're not shy about that." Immediately afterward she averred, "I don't think we're antiunion." Later, she denied putting on an "antiunion campaign," calling it "an informational campaign," and she conceded that the university's continuing objections put it "in a difficult



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position." Harvard is "a liberal institution," she explained.

But the process of collective bargaining, rather than an administration's "informational campaign," best expresses the ideal of dialogue central to the liberal identity of the university. National labor law, which guarantees the right to bargain collectively, rests on the principle that dialogue can dispel conflict. Bok, writing to Harvard workers, predicted that collective bargaining would create "divisiveness and conflict"; by contrast, the Harvard union espoused principles of "cooperation and community," affirming that differences could be overcome with "intelligence, good faith and creativity."

In bringing unions on campus, university employees take seriously the image of the university as more than a workplace. At Harvard, the union focused on wages and child care, but its appeal transcended bread-and-butter unionism, raising issues of participation and dignity. From card signing to bargaining over pension formulas, rank-and-file employees controlled the process. Although most were relatively young and did not expect to stay long at Harvard, they stressed the needs of older workers. Taylor, speaking for an institution that claims to further humane values, dismissed all this "feel-good stuff." Using the cold idiom of market analysis, she told the workers "to array the pros and cons, to do a cost-benefit analysis and decide if it's best for you. It's not a moral choice."

On campus, workers are carving out a place for their unions befitting the ideal of the academy. But their conception has not been persuasive to administrators in the nation's foremost universities, who have refused to recognize unions voluntarily or remain neutral before elections. The principle of managerial prerogative operates as powerfully within the university as within any profit-making corporation. Harvard's campaign to defeat the union differed from those of companies like J.P. Stevens and Adolph Coors, but less because Harvard is a nonprofit, scholarly institution than because the university has a different work force. From the choice of a female attorney to run its antiunion drive to its carefully crafted communications, university strategy was tailored to its employees' sensibilities. Harvard did not use bare knuckles; rather, to borrow an apt phrase from the Supreme Court, it extended "the fist inside the velvet glove."

What, then, does the Harvard contract portend for workers who do not toil within ivy-covered walls? The victory took too long, was too hard fought and came by too close a vote to offer a model readily "exportable." But neither was Harvard an isolated case; during the past decade, employees in colleges across the country have organized. Nor are conditions on campus so exceptional that organizing there cannot apply to other workplaces.

Indeed, the new university unions exemplify the changing nature of the labor movement. Since 1970, more than half of all new union members have been women. At Harvard, more than 75 percent are women. And the concerns animating campus unions are the same as elsewhere. At Yale, workers organized around pay equity and comparable worth, issues that have been the subject of union-backed litigation from the state of Washington to Long Island. At Harvard, day care was a rallying point. These issues transcend the specifics of campus economics, as the arguments mustered against union demands show. Yale's provost termed the undervaluing of women's work "a national problem, which Yale can't be expected to solve." Taylor admitted child care was inadequate, but explained, "it's a social problem." At both universities, administrators maintained that deep-rooted problems could not be cured by collective bargaining. But, as at other workplaces, employees came to different conclusions.

Still, the events at Harvard have a special significance. The university—and Harvard stands as an exemplar of university ways—defines its stance in society as one of critical distance. As Emerson, himself a Harvard graduate, wrote in his essay "The Transcendentalist," intellectuals "withdraw themselves from the common labors and competitions of the market and the caucus, and betake themselves to a certain solitary and critical way of living." It is from this detachment, paradoxically, that universities draw their influence. But in employing others to perform their "common labors," universities enter the market. Here, they cannot avoid Emerson's exhortation to "learn to act, and carry salvation to the combatants and demagogues in the dusty arena below."

Harvard's actions spoke volumes to other universities and nonacademic corporations about acceptable management tactics in union elections and the place of unions in white-collar industry. Over time, however, it may be that those who perform Harvard's common labor will prove to be the ones who teach its most enduring lessons. □

Sinatra

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

Hajek, President Ludvik Svoboda, the economist Ota Sik and the journalist Jiri Pelikan—were seeking was, in light of the changes now taking place in Central Europe, remarkably modest. "Socialism with a human face," simply put, consisted in carrying out Marx's dictum about the withering away of the state and its gradual replacement by the energies of civil society. Czechoslovakia, which had a tradition of political democracy and a well-developed industrial base, not only could take that step but actually did take it. The Prague Spring saw the proliferation of activities carried out by social groups within and tangential to the state. Farmers, students, industrial workers, intellectuals, people in the information sector, even bureaucrats began to take initiatives, to organize, to demand effective representation and to develop their own press. As a counterbalance, they demanded a democratization of the Communist Party and a constructive response from the state to this social dynamism.

But the petrified Communist state could make no political response to these demands being made by the very society

Carlos Fuentes's Constancia and Other Stories for Virgins *is due out this spring from Farrar, Straus & Giroux. The translator of this article is Alfred Mac Adam.*

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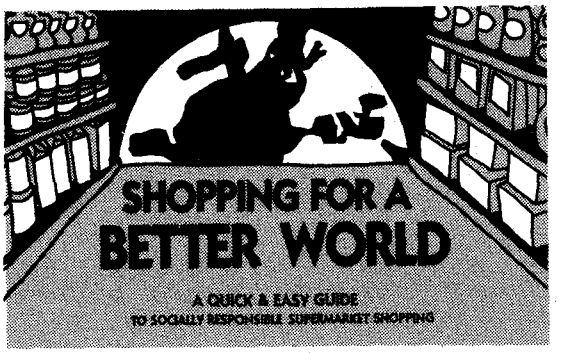

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that, ironically, the state had been involved in creating for two decades. Dubcek's reform group emerged as a response to the voices of society. That is, *glasnost* and *perestroika* were born twenty-two years ago in Czechoslovakia. It is only natural that they now return to their native land and replace the doctrine used to justify the aggression of 1968. The Brezhnev Doctrine announced that the Soviet Union had the right to intervene militarily to insure that any nation already within the Soviet sphere of influence (or even one that might someday be within it) did not drift away. In so doing, Brezhnev supplied powerful arguments to U.S. hardliners: Those who fall into the hands of the Soviet Union never escape.

When García Márquez, Cortázar and I reached Prague in the cold winter of 1968, the operative fiction—Kafka-cum-Schweik—was that the Russians were not there at all, that the "spring" could continue right into winter. While we couldn't refer directly to the Brezhnev Doctrine, we could talk about the Monroe Doctrine, so that when we mentioned U.S. intervention in Latin America, everyone understood that we were talking about Soviet intervention in Eastern Europe.

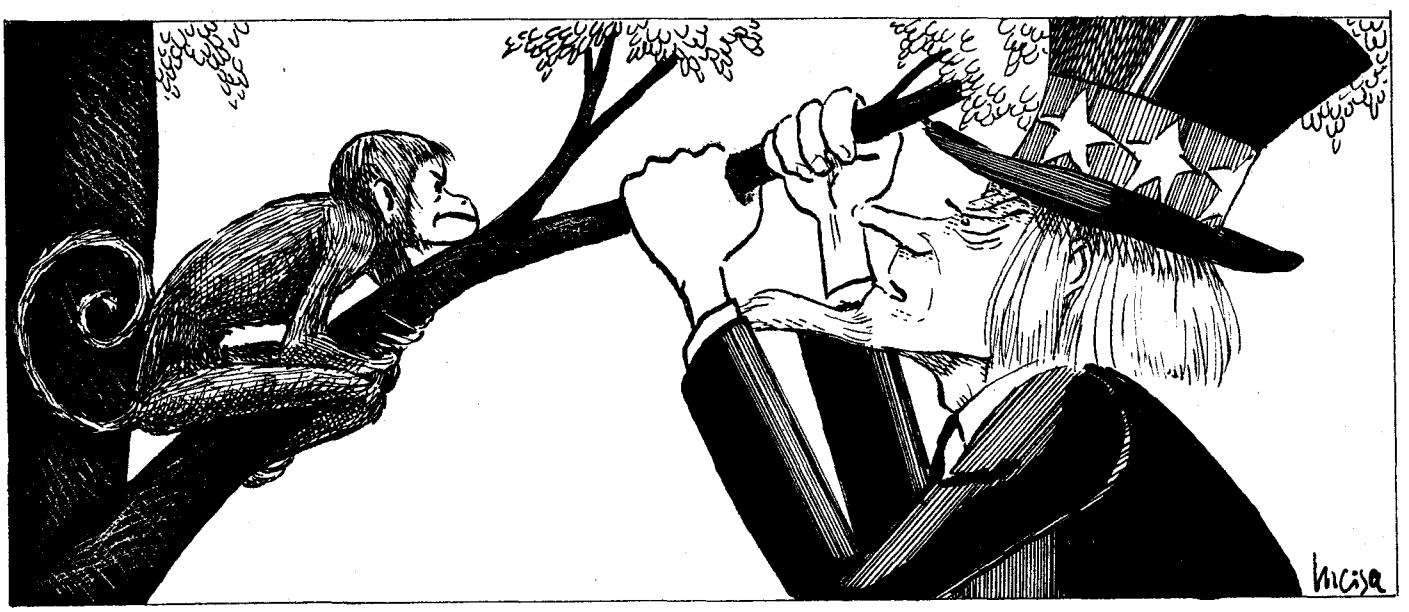
Today the Brezhnev Doctrine is dead, and the Soviet government's witty Foreign Ministry spokesman, Gennadi Gerasimov, whose sense of humor derives from Gogol and Bulgakov, says that now it's the Sinatra Doctrine that's operative in Eastern Europe: "I'll do it my way" is the order of the day. Or as we say in Mexico, *Cada chango a su mecate*—"Every monkey up his own tree." But the demise of the Brezhnev Doctrine in Europe, from the Elbe to the Vistula and from the Danube to the Baltic, is not being echoed by the demise of the Monroe Doctrine in the other theater of the cold war, the U.S. sphere of influence in Central America and the Caribbean.

The Monroe Doctrine is the most illustrious cadaver in all the Americas. It was born with more holes than a Swiss cheese. How could President Monroe, in 1823, proscribe any European presence in the New World without weakening the legitimacy of the United States, whose independence would never have been achieved without the military intervention of Bourbon France? It was not only the active participation of freelancers like Lafayette but also de Grasse's fleet and Rochambeau's troops that clinched the English surrender at Yorktown.

The application of the Monroe Doctrine as a weapon of intervention by the United States in Latin America reached the highest pitch of fantasy during the Falklands/Malvinas war. United Nations ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick urged the Argentine military to embark on its disastrous adventure. In exchange for that support, the Argentines would train the Nicaraguan *contras*. But both the Argentine government and President Ronald Reagan had to realize that, when the chips were down, Washington would naturally support its old NATO ally, Britain, and not its remote South Atlantic lackey, President Leopoldo Galtieri.

Once again it was clear that the United States did not intend to use the Monroe Doctrine against Europe but against Latin America. It was simply a weapon to be deployed against any Latin American government that might be in conflict with Washington, any government that Washington might claim was working for "extra-continental" interests. It was the same argument the United States used against Mexico and the Germany of the Kaiser, against Argentina and the Axis powers, against Guatemala, Cuba, Brazil, Chile and Nicaragua with regard to "international communism." It is, therefore, hardly surprising that Latin American nations have from time to time preferred to align themselves with the distant empire, Moscow, rather than the all-too-nearby one, Washington. If only Latin Americans had been allowed to follow, unobstructed, their own national destinies without pressures from either side, how much confusion, how many perversions, how many reversals and, of course, how many human tragedies might have been avoided.

It is one of the paradoxes of this *fin de siècle* that in the era of economic interdependence and instant communication political nationalism should be enjoying such a powerful resurgence. From Armenia and Turkestan to the Ukraine and Lithuania, from Northern Ireland to Brittany and the Basque country, regional nationalism is sending tremors



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through the seemingly solid foundations of European unity. The "single European home" is going to require an original and flexible federalism if it is going to respond successfully to these challenges.

In Latin America, nationalism is not limited to more or less isolated regions but is an important factor in the identity of extant nations. Mexican, Nicaraguan or Venezuelan nationalism is not spilling over frontiers and endangering neighboring countries and is certainly not destabilizing states. These nations define themselves by means of nationalism. We must, therefore, recognize nationalism as a dynamic factor essential for the solution of internal problems, which should remain free of outside meddling. We Latin Americans will be able to face the challenges of our times only if we first overcome this problem of external intervention.

Mexico and Brazil have the advantage of having consolidated their national sovereignty. Now they can test that sovereignty against the problems of political and economic modernization. Countries like Nicaragua, on the other hand, must defend their nascent national institutions against constant external aggression. In fact, the Sandinista government has defeated that foreign-supported aggression—just as Benito Juárez defeated the Mexican *contras*—and now demands that its last vestiges be expunged. The end of the *contras* should also be the end of the long history of U.S. intervention in Nicaragua.

The legitimacy of the current Nicaraguan government derives in part from its being the first to act without being under Washington's tutelage. The February elections will continue the process of national recovery, the consolidation of national institutions and the growth of energy in civil society because of the active participation of twenty opposition parties. There is no way to compare what is happening in Nicaragua with the situation in El Salvador. The Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front was not invented abroad; it arose in El Salvador and will either survive or die there. The *contras* never won a battle in Nicaragua; the F.M.L.N. controls much of El Salvador and is capable of launching an offensive in the capital itself to prove to President Alfredo Cristiani that he should negotiate seriously or face the prospect of an interminable bloodletting in a no-win situation. To accuse Nicaragua of sending arms to the F.M.L.N. is to apply yet another doctrine, one invented by the Mexican conservative ideologue Lucas Alamán: blaming internal problems on foreign governments.

The Bush Administration is being criticized for its lack of initiatives with regard to the changes in Eastern Europe. I think it is more to be criticized for its abysmal behavior—threats or inaction—in Central America and the Caribbean. To go on arming the Salvadoran government while demanding that the Soviet Union stop arming the Nicaraguan government is not only a refusal to recognize that Moscow has in fact suspended all arms shipments to Central America but also a refusal to negotiate the compromise that Soviet President Gorbachev and Latin American diplomats have so often suggested, namely, that *no one* ship arms to Central America.

Even if that were to happen, Bush—the last, albeit the most timid, of ideologues—would still be blind to the ob-

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vious facts about Central American nationalism. To call Violeta Chamorro "Washington's candidate" is to give her the kiss of death. It turns the Nicaraguan election into a struggle between Ortega and Bush, just as the 1946 Argentine election forced voters to choose between Juan Domingo Perón and his principal enemy, U.S. Ambassador Spruille Braden. Naturally, the national candidate won.

Bush cannot limit his response to Gorbachev in Central America to a denunciation of Soviet arms—which, of course, are his justification for sending U.S. arms. He must support the principle that neither great power send arms and thereby proclaim the Sinatra Doctrine for all of Central America. Every country should go its own way, with no outside intervention whatsoever. Then we would see just how quickly negotiations would take place in El Salvador and with what vigor national institutions would develop in Nicaragua.

Bush's hypocrisy in Central America is an insult. He takes a paternalistic attitude that does not recognize the ability of Salvadorans or Nicaraguans to resolve their own conflicts or determine their own destinies. Is there anyone who really believes that the victory of the F.M.L.N. in El Salvador or of Daniel Ortega in Nicaragua would endanger the United States or constitute a Soviet beachhead in Central America? In the Gorbachev era, with Solidarity governing Poland,

Panama Disaster

Any way one looks at it, the U.S. invasion of Panama is a disaster. First, internationally: It violently disrupts the relaxation of tensions now taking place and obliges us to see the radical difference between the peaceful Soviet role in its former sphere of influence and the violence brought about by the United States' arrogant rejection of negotiation and law in its own sphere of influence, Central America and the Caribbean.

Europe is marching purposefully toward goals we Latin Americans understand and appreciate: self-determination, nonintervention, peaceful solutions to conflicts. The United States is rapidly moving away from those same goals. Because of this, we all run the risk that the basic rules of international symmetry will move the Soviet Union to return to the same policies the United States refuses to abandon: spheres of influence and military intervention. Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev is a great statesman, but he will have to call upon all his talents to keep the blustering insecurity of an adventitious politico like George Bush from ruining a plan for coexistence in the twenty-first century by using tactics from the nineteenth.

The second disaster area is our own hemisphere. The Bush Administration has announced to the entire continent that the United States is assuming the right to intervene wherever it pleases, to establish or remove rulers and to trample all laws. The peace process in Central America has suffered a fatal setback and Bush's action proclaims that there will be no peace in "the thin belt of suffering" of which Pablo Neruda sang other than that determined by the whims of the United States.

And the threat, obviously, does not end there. If Washington decides that the end of the international cold war authorizes the commencement of a hot inter-American war, no country is safe—not even Mexico. Any reason to intervene will do: the war on drugs, electoral fraud, political instability, immigration or the protection of some tourist suffering sunstroke in Puerto Vallarta. In these circumstances, who is safe from being "saved" by a providential White House?

There is a third disaster, however, which the United States is inflicting on itself with the assault on Panama. This catastrophe involves the heart and the will of U.S. democracy. Here we are, on the threshold of a new century, in an international reality that is changing rapidly every single day, with a United States that looks like an antediluvian monster thrashing around helplessly on its back in a sea of anachronisms. Can we really believe our eyes? Hasn't anything changed since 1903? Is Teddy Roosevelt still in power? Are the big stick, dollar diplomacy and Manifest Destiny still viable policies? We rub our eyes in disbelief.

The United States is defeating itself with such maneuvers; they prove that it can attack only nations with populations smaller than 5 million: Grenada, Libya, Nicaragua and now Panama. As its enemies shrink, so does the United States. The hemispheric macho behaves like a coward; a bully never takes on someone his own size. These actions are a disgrace, and their real victim is the United States of America.

But the more obvious victim in this tragedy is the Republic of Panama. Gen. Manuel Noriega can be accused of many things—except being a communist. His vices are well known: He's ugly, sadistic, a drug dealer, corrupt and tyrannical. But Noriega's greatest crime is that he was the creature of the U.S. intelligence services, which he knows like the back of his hand. That is the real danger he represents. Noriega knows all the links between drug trafficking and the Nicaraguan *contras*; he knows the details of "Operation Iranagua" by heart, as well as the extent to which certain high-level former and current U.S. functionaries were implicated in it, including Ronald Reagan and George Bush.

For the sake of its sordid vendetta against the tin soldier who started talking back, the United States has endangered international détente and diverted the diplomatic attention of Latin America from its true mission—promoting justice in a climate of respect and negotiation—all for the sake of a sideshow, a bloody carnival. The fact is that in the last analysis this is

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with the Czechoslovak Politburo in total collapse, with a multiparty Hungary requesting admission to the Council of Europe, with the removal of the Berlin wall, how can anyone think that Gorbachev has either the intention or the ability to set up Stalinist dictatorships whose advantage to the Soviet Union would be doubtful, and logistically impossible, in countries so geographically remote? No one would want to be a spoke in the wheel of such a troika—assuming troikas had wheels.

The real problem, of course, is Cuba. Fidel Castro is increasingly isolated from his old allies in the Communist world. A stormy session of the Cuban Cabinet in 1968 debated the question of whether Cuba should denounce the invasion of Czechoslovakia. The Brezhnev Doctrine reinforced the perpetuation of the Monroe Doctrine in the Americas. The Cubans hoped the Czechoslovaks would resist, but there was no Sierra Maestra anywhere near the Danube. Castro, once again, was obliged to follow the policy he could enact instead of the policy he wanted to enact.

Is it possible for Fidel Castro to lead today the revolution he always wanted: Latin American and far-reaching, but a revolution that would not sacrifice democratic freedoms or social transformation? Will age, the tentacles of the system or perhaps a love of the personal exercise of power keep him from it?

The human drama in this dilemma cannot be overlooked. Castro can claim that for Cuba the cold war is not over. And everything suggests that George Bush, like his predecessors, does not want a reformed Cuba but a defeated Cuba. Given such a reality, there can be no movement on either side, just paralysis. If only Bush and Castro would simultaneously and dramatically declare an end to the cold war in the Caribbean, the mutual opening of frontiers and the demolition of their two walls. That's right, the Havana wall, so that Cubans could have free access to information and so that political prisons could be emptied. But the Miami wall must also come down: The blockade must be lifted and U.S. citizens allowed to travel to Cuba, trade with Cuba and recognize Cuba. And let's hear no more of Radio Martí's stridency.

But if in the New World we either cannot or choose not to act with the clearsighted dramatism of the Europeans, it is certainly necessary that the first steps be taken for the eventual removal of the Miami and Havana walls. This must be done delicately, over a reasonable period of time and with good faith on both sides. Relations between Cuba and the United States, as lopsided as they are, and as insolent and aggressive as the White House has been and continues to be toward its former protectorate under the Platt Amendment, reveal a mutual insecurity. Castro is afraid that any relaxation of tension will be used against him by the gringos. Bush is afraid that, deprived of an enemy in Europe, the United States will have nowhere to show off its Manichean machismo. Where else can he demonstrate, with quasi-religious piety, that the Good Empire is facing up to the Evil Empire but in Cuba and Central America? The rest of the world, however, sees in Bush's regime the profound insecurity of an empire in decline, and its belief in and respect for the United States continue to diminish.

An initiative by George Bush that would bring the agenda of the United States in the Caribbean and Cuba up to date would restore his country's diplomatic prestige, which Mikhail Gorbachev and his brilliant policies have stolen.

Are we going to be witnesses to the paradox that it will be the Soviet Union that dispenses with its useless ideological baggage while the United States persists in dealing with the world only in ideological terms? If the Soviet Union can give up the Brezhnev Doctrine for the Sinatra Doctrine, the United States can give up the James Monroe Doctrine for the Marilyn Monroe Doctrine: Let's all go to bed wearing the perfume we like best. □

an internal affair, one that only the Panamanians can resolve.

If this small nation has the right to exist as a sovereign nation despite its artificial origins, it abrogates that right when it applauds the invasion or tolerates the imposition of a puppet government. Whatever President Guillermo Endara's claims to legitimacy may be, they collapse as soon as he slips into the sad role of tropical marionette. Couldn't the Panamanians have found other ways to get rid of Noriega than appealing for a foreign invasion? Pretexts are meaningless in these situations unless Latin Americans want to sacrifice their sovereignty and repeat, sooner or later, the evil that only they and no one else can exorcise.

The historical illegitimacy of the Endara regime will be ratified as the U.S. invasion force necessarily becomes an occupation force. Then the naked truth of this catastrophic tale will be apparent: The United States will remain in Panama to control the canal. The Torrijos-Carter treaties will be declared null and void because of *force majeure.*

But if Bush can do this in Panama, can't Chinese leader Deng Xiaoping do it in Hong Kong or Gorbachev in Berlin? George Bush's crime is to have given a new lease on life to the policy of *fait accompli* as opposed to the policy of negotiated settlement. Economic and social reality in Panama would have driven General Noriega out of power sooner or later, just as they drove out Nicolae Ceausescu and Erich Honecker.

Yet we Latin Americans should not be overly alarmed. We should always remember that the world no longer reacts to the provincial visions or illusions of the United States. The mechanisms of change that have been set into motion are too profound, even if their results are as yet unforeseeable. Washington should not delude itself into thinking that it has triumphed and that the enemy has lost and that this false interpretation gives the United States a license to hunt, if not in Europe, Asia or Africa, then at least in this hemisphere. If we don't post "No Hunting" signs, our lands will be poached on. We must set up our signs quickly and be prepared to enforce them with prudence and a firm will. C.F.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

A Problematic Profession

CHRIS GOODRICH

Ambivalence is the lawyer's worst nightmare. It prevents him—and, increasingly, her—from exercising the lawyer's two most important skills: the ability, first, to look at a situation with complete, rational neutrality, and second, to transform that neutrality into damn-the-torpedoes partisanship whenever a client demands it (and not infrequently, when a client doesn't). Lawyers who admit ambivalence into their world view are compromised almost by definition, for they can no longer advocate a position with the conviction which law requires. They may find relief in the realization that ambivalence is an ordinary human feeling, but it makes the practice of law very difficult.

Ambivalence is a major topic in a spate of new books on the American lawyer, although it is not always directly addressed. All save one of the authors and editors are law school graduates, but a surprisingly large number seem to regard law as sorcerer's power in the hands of an apprentice. In the preface to *American Lawyers*, Richard Abel says he has "strongly ambivalent feelings about the American legal profession"; in the first chapter of *Making It and Breaking It*, the late Robert Stover calls law school "bookends without books"; Rand Jack, co-author of *Moral Vision and Professional Decisions* and a practicing attorney, describes his "ambivalence" as the gap between his "personal and professional morality"; although compiled under the auspices of the American Bar Association, *Full Disclosure* betrays ambivalence in its very subtitle: *Do You Really Want to Be a Lawyer?* These books reveal, as one judge is quoted as saying in *Full Disclosure*, that "law is the only profession that everyone's working to get out of."

Why have so many lawyers come to regard law as a problematic profession? The most direct answer is provided by John Crowell, one of the thirty-six attorneys interviewed by Rand Jack and Dana Crowley Jack in the course of their lengthy sociological study of lawyers' values. Crowell—the name is a pseudonym—believes that

> one of the problems with being an attorney is that attorneys often see that as a license not to develop their own conscience. Not only do they not have to, but they are required not to.

Typically, the lawyers described by Crowell have defined their jobs so narrowly that they have all but renounced responsibility for their actions: They see themselves solely as agents of others' desires, which are presumptively legitimate. They act out of the convenient assumption that, as the Jacks put it, "once the institution is morally responsible, the individual ceases to be."

That idea is well expressed in the Model Rules of Professional Conduct passed by the American Bar Association in 1983. This most recent batch of ethical rules says in its preamble that so long as an opponent is represented by counsel, "a lawyer can be a zealous advocate on behalf of a client and at the same time assume that justice is being done." It's a striking use of the word "assume," for although lawyers pride themselves on their rational neutrality, they make an extremely broad assumption despite the lack of evidence that the advocates in any given situation are of equal ability, or that all the interests affected are indeed represented, or that the determiner of justice is impartial. This preamble codifies the fact that although lawyers, by statute and tradition, are officers of the court system, they don't want to make moral decisions that could damage their economic well-being.

IN THIS REVIEW

MORAL VISION AND PROFESSIONAL DECISIONS: The Changing Values of Women and Men Lawyers. *By Rand Jack and Dana Crowley Jack. Cambridge University Press. 218 pp. $24.95.*

MAKING IT AND BREAKING IT: The Fate of Public Interest Commitment During Law School. *By Robert V. Stover. Edited by Howard S. Erlanger. University of Illinois. 146 pp. $19.95.*

AMERICAN LAWYERS. *By Richard L. Abel. Oxford University Press. 406 pp. $29.95.*

FULL DISCLOSURE: Do You Really Want to Be a Lawyer? *Compiled by Susan J. Bell. Peterson's Guides. 169 pp. Paper $11.95.*

The Jacks are more concerned about the maleness of the profession, however, than about its ethical rules. In the theories of moral development advanced by Carol Gilligan, Nancy Chodorow and others, they find compelling evidence for the idea that men have formed a legal system in their own image, whose origins lie in the early sexual differentiation between male and female:

> Because they are of the same sex as their mother, girls form their sense of gender through identification, while boys must establish a masculine identity through separation and differentiation from femaleness. The differing psychological tasks required for gender development lead to certain personality traits and moral perspectives in men and women.

Women tend to develop "the perspective of care" while men tend to develop "the perspective of rights." Most women have a sense of fitting in, of belonging, that men do not. From the "care point of view," the Jacks say, society is "an interconnected, interdependent web of life . . . kept whole through responsiveness, empathy, and unmediated personal interaction," while from the "rights point of view" society consists of "autonomous, separate individuals [in whom a] hierarchy of rules, rights, and obligations mediate human interactions and help preserve independence."

It's not difficult to see which perspective rules the American legal system. Nor is it difficult to understand why some lawyers, even after the onslaughts of the legal realists in the 1930s and critical legal studies today, still insist that our legal system is neutral; they share its perspective so thoroughly they can't imagine another. Most lawyers do comprehend, however, that the system in which they operate is value-laden at its core, and they can't help but feel ambivalence when following strictures they know to be inequitable. The Jacks contend that as early

Chris Goodrich is the author of Anarchy and Elegance: Confessions of a Journalist at Yale Law School, *to be published by Little, Brown next year.*

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as law school lawyers are asked to "forsake the law or forsake the self"; it is no wonder many lawyers end up feeling perpetually compromised.

The silver lining of the Jacks' analysis is the fact that women are entering the legal profession in droves. It stands to reason that women, and thus women's values, will eventually be as well represented in law as men and their values. Unfortunately, that reasoning is incomplete, for the Jacks found that the burden of "forsaking the self" falls disproportionately on women—that it is women who usually feel compelled to substitute law's values for their own in order to practice law. This transformation usually occurs at law school. One woman interviewed by the Jacks recalled telling fellow students in her first-year class, "They're fucking with your brain; can't you feel it?"

Making It and Breaking It nicely complements *Moral Vision and Professional Decisions* because it focuses on the value-changing aspects of law school. As its subtitle suggests, the book is ostensibly limited to examining the causes of declining commitment to public interest in law school, but at bottom the book is an indictment of legal education. Stover, who earned a law degree at the University of Denver while a professor of political science at the University of Colorado, says that while he saw "little evidence that my classmates' personalities were materially affected" by law school, he did find "considerable evidence that my classmates' view of the world, and of the legal world in particular, was altered in ways that diminished their desire to practice public interest law, by markedly changing their expectations concerning certain types of jobs."

Stover seems to be saying, in essence, that law students learn to value doing well rather more than doing good. (I hedge the statement because Stover died before the book was completed, and because the manuscript was assembled by a professor whose studies of public-interest-oriented law students Stover disagreed with.) Money's ability to lower ideals isn't news, of course; of more interest is Stover's conclusion that students' job expectations changed as they acquired "more accurate information about the legal world" and their "lay mythology [about the practice of law] was replaced by the mythology of the legal profession." I would argue, as Stover does not, that these two influences embody the "bookends" he sees intuitively: the immediate destruction of the entering law students' belief that law exists to serve the public good, and the constant fostering of the diametrically opposed idea that law is a business.

Stover's view of law school is not quite as skeptical as mine (which is based on two semesters of first-year course work while on a journalistic fellowship at Yale Law School). He finally comes around to his editor's view that the job market is more responsible than is legal education for students' declining commitment to public interest work. That conclusion is shaky, however, for the distinction between job market and legal-education pressures is fundamentally artificial. The curriculum at almost all law schools is heavily weighted toward corporate-law courses like Securities, Taxation, Finance, Business Transactions and the like, which is to say that law schools react to the demands of the marketplace. This arrangement may be fine for business schools—who would go to a b-school that didn't demonstrate its faith in markets?—but hardly for a law school; law is supposed to establish justice, not create and distribute capital. It should come as no surprise that law students, trained during their legal education to see themselves as commodities, begin to see law itself as a commodity and end up selling themselves to the highest bidder.

Stover's attempt to let law schools off the hook for their graduates' career choices is unconvincing. While he says he saw "nothing to suggest that the acquisition of [legal] skills is crucial to the movement away from public interest law," his classmates tell a different story. Time and again Stover quotes students—mostly women, notably—who say they turned toward corporate work because it was more "intellectually stimulating" than public interest work. To cite a few examples (again, the names are pseudonyms):

> Sharon: "But I'm getting more interested in property law. . . . I've pretty much changed my mind from doing a poverty law-type of thing to doing whatever comes in the door."
>
> Ellen: "Before I took [Corporations] I thought it would probably be dull, but then when I started taking the course I realized it was very intricate, that there was a lot to deal with and it was a challenge."
>
> Barbara: "I think that my original choice of jobs was based on sort of a 'helping the other people' attitude, and that was like the prime thing. And now it's more—I think I'm more interested in getting something that's intellectually stimulating for myself."

Stover argues that it is mainly the exposure to real-life legal employment during law school summers that changes these students' minds, but he overlooks the fact that students believe legal jobs should be intellectually stimulating mostly because law professors (and other teachers, of course) have drilled that idea into them—indeed, have become law professors out of that very belief. Law professors make the legal hierarchy very clear: academia at the top, corporate law in the middle and public service at the bottom. Without this prodding toward mental challenge—inevitable in the Socratic, case-based method of legal education—many students would undoubtedly continue to go into public service law because it was the "right" kind of law to practice, whether or not it exercised their minds.

In one interview Barbara told Stover, referring to her summer work for a law firm, "I would like to think I could stand firm on my principles, but I'm feeling I could rationalize in a way how my little part in this case couldn't hurt." That feeling results from legal education's effectiveness at teaching rationalization, to the degree that self-interest soon seems as valid as public interest—indeed more valid, because "zealous advocacy" of opposing self-interests theoretically produces justice. There are major problems with this assumption. Richard Abel, a law professor at U.C.L.A., turns one of them into a central theme of *American Lawyers*, arguing that many attorneys believe, like General Motors, that what's good for them is good for the country.

With its fifty tables and almost a hundred pages of notes and bibliography, *American Lawyers* could pass, superficially, for an impartial sociological abstract. But Abel has an ax to grind—fortunately, an ax in serious need of grinding. Applying Max Weber's market-oriented theory of professionalism to law, Abel contends that while lawyers have created, regulated and increased their monopoly powers under the guise of protecting the public, they have done so mostly for economic reasons. One doesn't have to buy the argument, however, to see how well it describes the current state of the legal profession, whose business component far overshadows its public service component. The battle between the private and the public spheres continues,

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however, often within the individual attorney. As Abel writes in his introduction, "American lawyers are still struggling to reconcile the tension between their search for professional identity and their pursuit of economic success. . . . [They] appear deeply insecure about their entitlement to the extraordinary wealth and power they enjoy today."

They are, in a word, ambivalent, though Abel doesn't dwell on this aspect of the problem. He hints at its origins in a number of places nonetheless, perhaps most effectively while rehearsing a Marxist, class-driven analysis of legal practice. Lawyers, he finds,

> remain autonomous in selecting their means but only by allowing others to determine their goals. Extrinsic rewards (pay, career advancement, working conditions), which are often lavish, displace intrinsic satisfaction, which is limited to the exercise of technical skill. . . . The strongest evidence that professionals have relinquished control over the ends for which they work may be their inability to perceive the loss.

Lawyers become alienated from their work, in short, just like labor, but because they manage to retain work's material rewards, they frequently don't comprehend their spiritual and psychological discontent. This idea is supported by Abel's citation of figures showing that although lawyers have among the lowest attrition rates of any profession, they are simultaneously the most dissatisfied.

Abel's focus on the economic aspects of law and his constant reliance on statistics to support his analysis, as well as his long discussion of the legal profession's attempts to "control production" of new lawyers (through law school requirements, the LSAT, self-regulation and the like), can be heavy going. But the book should be read for its important insights. For example, the Jacks' optimism about the "feminization" of law (my characterization) made possible by the increasing number of women in law school is properly tempered by Abel's remark that this growth has come largely at the expense of ethnic minorities. If a black male and a white female are vying for the final spot on a law school's admission list, it's a good bet the woman will get the nod.

The American Bar Association's *Full Disclosure* inadvertently supports Abel's monopoly thesis, for it almost seems intended to discourage prospective law students from pursuing the profession. On page one, Susan Bell tells us that those who practice law "cross the Rubicon"; on page seven, that "sleep is a commodity you may find in short supply as a practicing attorney"; on page eleven, that we should not "underestimate what price the profession will demand." And Bell isn't the only lawyer who paints a cheerless portrait; two chapters (out of twenty-three) are by former lawyers explaining how they came to dislike the profession, and a third explores career opportunities for law school graduates who don't want to practice. Even the final chapter, by Federal Judge Thomas Jackson of Washington, D.C., titled "No Regrets," is chilling. When he was a lawyer, Jackson writes,

> First, I would search my client's case for a just position to take. No client is ever totally righteous. Yet none is wholly evil, either. . . . Having once found the justice in my client's cause, I never had difficulty with my own conscience being an ardent spokesman for it.

The passage reeks of rationalization—a Nuremberg defense disguised by intellectual respectability. The fact that lawyers find such conduct blessed, indeed all but required, by a professional code of eth-

CHILDREN
ADOLESCENTS
AND
AIDS

Edited by Jeffrey M. Seibert and Roberta A. Olson

"A groundbreaker. Almost certain to be widely cited and to affect directions in – and funding for – research." – Gary Melton, president of Division 37 (Child, Youth and Family Services), American Psychological Association. "The first attempt I have seen to link medicine, public policy, law, and children's best interests in one volume. Very important." – Gerald P. Koocher, Harvard University and Children's Hospital, Boston. A little more than one percent of the total AIDS cases in the United States has occurred in children, but, alarmingly, the actual number is growing. *Children, Adolescents, and AIDS* is the report of the American Psychological Association task force on pediatric AIDS. It is the first study to address a wide range of medical, psychological, social, legal, and ethical issues confronting young patients and their families. A volume in our series, Children and the Law. **$19.95**

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ics doesn't make it any more attractive.

The introduction to *Full Disclosure* also supports Abel's view. There, two attorneys from the A.B.A.'s Young Lawyers Division call law "a profession and not just a business." It's a careless misordering of the law's nominal priorities and demonstrates the extent to which lawyers have been able to have their cake and eat it, too. Lawyers, after all, enjoy the privileges of professionalism—a monopoly, and a self-regulating one at that—precisely because law is not a business. The young attorneys also write that "all lawyers in this country *must*, as an indispensable part of professional life, use their education and skills for the public good in return for the privilege of being a lawyer," but I think Abel is right to imply that while lawyers talk the talk superbly, they walk the walk only under duress. Ambivalence will be the lawyer's lot as long as the gap between the profession's words and deeds remains appallingly wide. □

You Said It

LAWRENCE DANSON

STOLEN WORDS: Forays Into the Origins and Ravages of Plagiarism. *By Thomas Mallon. Ticknor & Fields. 300 pp. $18.95.*

Plagiarism! The word strikes terror in the fainting authorial soul. If you've ever been a victim—ever seen your own well-wrought words come back to you in alienated majesty signed with someone else's name—you'll know why the word "violation," more commonly used to describe another form of self-dispossession, is no exaggeration. And if you've ever looked carefully at your own words, as I've just looked at my preceding two sentences, and found three unacknowledged quotations (from sources, I assure you, Reader, safely dead), you'll know why plagiarism haunts the writer's imagination. It troubles the mind with metaphysical speculation: How do words come to be owned? How can the impalpable be stolen? Why would anyone risk it? How can anyone avoid it? Who says it's a crime at all?

Thomas Mallon in *Stolen Words* is undaunted by the psychological and philosophical problems that cluster around the idea of plagiarism. On the question of authorial mine-and-thine he's a strict constructionist, a reasonable man but still a law-and-order type who doesn't want to hear any excuses for, say, Coleridge's depredations of German philosophers: "Coleridge's psychology is indeed fascinating, but perhaps not so much as our unwillingness to bring the police into the pantheon." Not for Mallon the anxieties that turn plagiarism from a crime into a common fate, or the postmodernism that turns it into a cocky aesthetic.

Mallon writes about the "Ravages of Plagiarism" in a style he accurately describes as "loquacious, parenthetical, deliberately (and sometimes presumptuously) 'friendly.' " He examines several major cases, from the eighteenth century to the present, and weaves in and around them a wealth of quaint and curious lore. The book abounds in pleasures, not least of which is *Schadenfreude*. How weirdly compelling to read again about Jacob Epstein, whose parents run Random House and *The New York Review of Books*. His first novel, *Wild Oats*, published in 1979, sowed some fifty seedlings (I speak, as Mallon does, metaphorically; our metaphor is drawn from agriculture) previously planted by Martin Amis, son of Kingsley, in his novel *The Rachel Papers* (1973). It's a case that made everyone an expert. Did Epstein know what he was doing? What compulsion—to shame himself, to shame his parents, to die in public—could have provoked the disaster? Martin Amis, who brought the irrefutable, unrefuted accusation, was more forgiving than Mallon. So was Darryl Pinckney, writing in *The Village Voice*, who acknowledged Epstein's—what: mistake? theft? homage?—but still claimed, "He is not a criminal, he is a writer. He wrote *Wild Oats*. It is his." To which Mallon, witty but unforgiving, replies with, "Question: If the police enter the house of a suspected thief and find fifty-three stolen objects amid, say, two thousand legitimately purchased by the occupant, should they not proceed to arrest him?"

But there's the problem. Does Mallon really think Epstein should have gone to jail? (In fact, as Mallon reveals in a chapter ending made in irony heaven, Epstein went to Hollywood to become executive story editor for *L.A. Law*.) Mallon has much to say about the unhappy psychology of the plagiarist and even something about the fungible quality of language itself, but when all's done he's unwilling to stand dithering in dubiety. That means he's unable to explore the dangerous borderline where pathology abuts the everyday, and where Jacob Epstein is not only a *hypocrite lecteur* but every word-hoarder's *semblable* and *frère*.

Mallon is hardest on Coleridge and his scholarly defenders. He allies himself solidly with Norman Fruman, whose *Coleridge: The Damaged Archangel* (1971) makes the prosecution's case. What more is there to say after Fruman has shown how much of Coleridge is actually Schlegel or Schelling? For less positive scholars, there's plenty left, not all of it pretty but much of it impressive; and in Coleridge's relation with Wordsworth there's still an intricate puzzle of influence and influenced. Mallon's reductive approach to the tangle of Coleridge's life and works—he thinks the plagiarisms were done literally to feed a junkie's habit—has the defect of its own clarity.

Coleridge and Jacob Epstein are the literary upper crust, the white-collar criminals in plagiarism's annals. When Mallon turns to the academic world he descends to the case of Jayme Aaron Sokolow, formerly of the Texas Tech history department. Mallon's claim throughout his book, that our hesitancy to prosecute the plagiarist doubly victimizes the victim, is strongly supported in this sorry case. Sokolow ripped off the distinguished historian Stephen Nissenbaum. Since Nissenbaum was the acknowledged expert in their closely shared field, publishers repeatedly sent Sokolow's manuscript to Nissenbaum for evaluation. And Nissenbaum understandably got more and more fed up as the publishers, informed of the plagiarism, politely sent the manuscript back to Sokolow, who resubmitted it around the scholarly circuit until he finally got it published. In the meantime, Sokolow's colleagues at Texas Tech had found him out; denied tenure, he had to get a new job. Mallon reports that he now works for the National Endowment for the Humanities; he "has been program officer in the Education Division for some projects for which Nissenbaum has been on the advisory board—a 'resource person' for Sokolow, one might say."

With his patient investigative reporting of the Sokolow case Mallon demonstrates several things. One is that some

Lawrence Danson teaches Shakespeare at Princeton University. His most recent book is Max Beerbohm and the Act of Writing *(Oxford University Press).*

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plagiarists really are crooks. Another is that academics and publishers are terrified of being sued. And why not? No matter how positive you are that you've caught a word-thief you still may want to avoid the courtroom, where your every word may be taken down and used in evidence against you, where the power of the irrevocable word turns a bright arena into a place of dark mystery, where everyone feels guilty until proven innocent. Moral indignation wilts at the prospect of a libel suit. Mallon worries that the law's propensity to victimize good Samaritans protects the plagiarist from exposure; he might worry just as much that it lets whisper campaigns about alleged plagiarism blight the careers of good people who have no adequate forum in which to vindicate themselves. Mallon shows that it's up to the academic bodies, like the American Historical Association and the Modern Language Association, to maintain their own reasonable forums where charges of academic fraud can be adjudicated. In the matter of Nissenbaum v. Sokolow the accuser may now be said to have had his day in court. But most academics know of other cases where a cloud of accusation covers both parties, with no hope of its being adequately dissipated.

Of course, they order these things better in Hollywood, where everyone goes to court. Mallon's final chapter is about the case of *Anita Clay Kornfeld v. CBS, Inc., Lorimar Productions, Inc., and Earl Hamner.* It should have been the sexiest chapter, pitting Hamner, the creator of *Falcon Crest* (and the model for his own winsome character John-Boy in *The Waltons*), against an honest, hard-working novelist who thinks the media big boys stole her idea. But precisely because there was a judge—by Mallon's showing, a fair-minded and intelligent judge—and also because an "entertainment package" hasn't got the same ideological claim to singularity that a scholarly book has, the chapter is something of an anticlimax. It also undercuts Mallon's most strongly held position. All along he's been a defender of victim's rights, and it's clear that here too he sympathizes with Kornfeld. But the judge ruled against her, and Mallon's incitement to call in the cops ends with a false arrest.

Mallon's discursiveness yields many pleasures and a few annoyances. A chapter about the Victorian author Charles Reade is done in scholar-tells-all style: At the New York Public Library, "one waits

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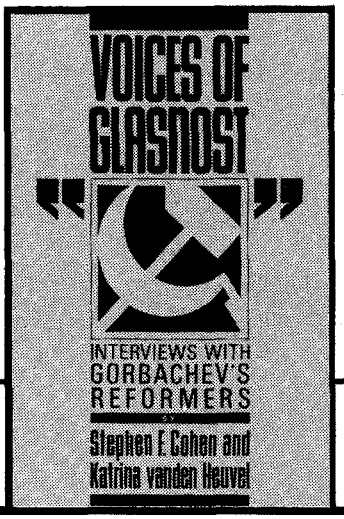

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for the slips to travel through the pneumatic tubes to the stacks, and then, just minutes later, the pink number matching one's ticket lights up on the board in the South Hall." But for all the detailed instructions about how to get to the N.Y.P.L. Newspaper Annex or how to use the London Library, it still amounts to an overstretched account of a minor scandal brilliantly recounted in one paragraph by William S. Walsh, Mallon's (scrupulously acknowledged) source. I would be grateful to Mallon if he had done nothing more than bring Walsh's *Handy-Book of Literary Curiosities* (1892) to my attention. Walsh's entry for "Plagiarism and Plagiarists" begins by asking, "Is plagiarism a crime?" and replies, "For ourselves we confess that we hold it only a venial offense—unless, of course, it is found out." Among the exhibits in Walsh's rogues' gallery is Lord Lytton ("Owen Meredith"): "On the whole," Walsh writes, "Lord Lytton went too far. That would be the verdict of the most lenient minds. Plagiarism is not always a virtue." It's a great line, whoever said it first. □

Staying On Alone

FRED PFEIL

LOCAL DEITIES. *By Agnes Bushell. Curbstone Press. 306 pp. Paper $11.95.*

I suppose it was *The World According to Garp*, back in the late 1970s, that kicked off the run of ballyhooed narratives purporting to represent us aging baby-boomers as savvy, tasteful folks who once, long ago, entertained—well, you know—certain "opinions," maybe even got involved in (you know) a cause or two, but who have now learned to settle down with self-deprecatory humor to the complex, mature work of living out and up our personal lives. It was *Garp*, after all, that gave us our first view of radical politics as team sport for the psychologically disabled, our first portrait of the baffled, sensitive, "postfeminist" man, and that first offered us the morally irreproachable, even transcendent, escape hatch out of our historic responsibilities in the overriding exigencies of parenting. Against the hallucinatory background of Reaganite politics-as-spectacle, against the cries of the exploited and demonized around the globe, we are cajoled and hectored toward the sole alternative of this domestic idyll: the *thirtysomething/ Big Chill/ Heidi Chronicles* way out.

All the more reason, then, to trumpet this good news: For those of us who have hung in there, with kids or without, there is a novel that dramatizes our dilemmas and represents our world—and, glory be, it is a skillful page-turner to boot. Agnes Bushell's *Local Deities* is, simultaneously, an enticing *roman à clef* (based in part on the underground career, apprehension and state trial of Raymond and Patricia Levasseur for seditious conspiracy and for conspiracy under the Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act), a gripping courtroom drama and a direct engagement with the daily question of how to live and struggle "in the belly of the beast," as the underground press used to call it, now that that other animal, the Movement, seems to have been driven back down into its burrow. Its two protagonists, Annie Pratt and Erika Donnis, met and bonded in the early 1970s—Indian summer of the radical counterculture—then drifted apart. Over the next decade, in their separate lives, they have regularly thought of, even pined for, each other, but (as a jacket flap might say) only when Annie's life tears open are they able to bridge the distance that separates them. I recite the novel's basic premise formulaically because it is a female-audience formula. But there comes a double twist that takes the novel beyond Barbara Hershey and Bette Midler in last year's *Beaches*. The friends part as a result of a profound personal/political difference over what to do when the golden age recedes: Either stay above ground, living as decently as possible on the shrinking terrain that's left; or "go under" and become a wholehearted liberation fighter. They come together when Annie's husband, Paul Rousseau, is picked up and tried as a terrorist, with Erika's husband, at Paul's request, on the defense team.

My guess is that Bushell's own experience probably corresponds more closely to that of Erika, the woman who stays put in the low-voltage misery of a politically diminished world in which, while remaining minimally "active," she spends her time producing illustrations of flowers and birds, tending to her children and her slowly souring marriage and obsessing over her no-future affair with a local bartender. For certainly one of the virtues of *Local Deities* is its unflinching representation of the cost in regret and self-loathing that such staying put exacts, as well as its recital of the seemingly inexorable logic that makes the decision to do so seem inevitable to Erika's husband, Simon, once a revolutionary and now a workaholic progressive lawyer:

> The fact was that nobody saw him much at all, except maybe on the street in a trenchcoat carrying a briefcase, hurrying to court or back to his office. Always hurrying. People who knew him before understood. Most of them had also made compromises along the way. Only a handful still worked in alternative organizations. Two or three were still trying to organize the poor. Two or three were still involved in food co-ops and free schools, still talked about third party candidates and guaranteed annual incomes. But the underground newspaper had long since folded and the co-operative daycare center had gone non-co-op and the community building was rented out to girl scout troops and capitalistic enterprises and a community theater group that only occasionally performed the work of Brecht or Clifford Odets. None of these men could scratch a living out of any of it. And they all had kids and it was only so long that they could keep telling themselves that it didn't matter that their children wore only second hand clothes, couldn't have new tricycles or piano lessons, were growing up in slums . . . buying food with food stamps, driving around in uninspected cars, hearing their parents fight about money, fight constantly about money, nickel and diming each other to death. . . . When you live like the poor you become like the poor. One day you wake up and you are poor and the glory of voluntary poverty becomes the spectre of real poverty and you think, how are you going to explain to your kids, how are you going to tell them, that with graduate degrees stuffed in a drawer you made them grow up like this because you believed you were making the Revolution.

Let someone else, more distant from these matters than I am, comment on the power of the cumulative sentence rhythms here, the strengths of the style. Such considerations take second place for me to the breathless, awful exhilaration of recognition, not only of myself but of most of those I've loved and worked with

Fred Pfeil's collection of essays, Another Tale to Tell: Politics and Narrative in Postmodern Culture, *will be published by Verso this spring.*

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closely over the past fifteen years, as we are simultaneously given our voice and called to account.

Local Deities, however, not only intends to map this home ground. Its mission is also to represent, with equal honesty and sympathy, the social and emotional structures that support the choice that Annie makes along with Paul—to stay all the way outside, to remain inviolably opposed. At this nearly impossible task, moreover, Bushell succeeds almost as well as she does with the first, though her representation of such lives is less direct than that of Erika's and Simon's. The novel's omniscient narration slides smoothly among Erika, Simon and Annie, and backward and forward between the 1970s and 1980s, yet never once settles on Paul, the guerrilla movement's leader, whose apprehension sends Annie fleeing through the underground network and brings Simon and Erika back to active, focused life. Instead, Bushell opts for a few relatively small and self-contained dramatizations of Annie's daily existence, complete with its own particular disguises, evasions and fears, from the nagging half-repressed concern that "she still couldn't get him [Paul] to listen to himself and crack a smile" to the swift, throat-stopping certainty that the stranger sitting near her in the mall is an agent closing in for the bust. Our sense of the toll exacted, in paranoia, self-repression and rigid intransigence, is then further developed in the novel's account of Erika's passage through a maze of hardened left-feminist "contact points," at last meeting with Annie in her new "station" underground and finding a humane, nurturant home for Annie and Paul's children. In the course of that journey, Erika functions in effect as the troubled reader in the text, carrying with her our own sense of shameful acquiescence and slack complicity even as she recoils from one of the impeccably correct guardians of children whose parents are now dead or doing hard time in the federal pen.

> "It's unfortunate," Gert says, "Mandy's grandparents start a scene every time they come here. They undermine everything we do here. They have custody, despite their own daughter's wishes. We try to teach her to be proud of her mother, but they make her think it's a tragedy."
>
> Mandy's mother is a revolutionary, captured, tried and sentenced to more years than any human being could be expected to live. Mandy's father was shot dead in a gun battle over an armored car. Someday she might be proud of them, but it's a little hard for her now. She's three and a half.

The judgment—Erika's, Bushell's, our own—that protests such stony purity seems fully justified, even irreversible at these moments. Yet as Erika struggles against her warmest instincts to understand and credit the commitment to justice behind this apparently withered humanity, so does Bushell, and so do we—especially when it surfaces, clearly and triumphantly, in Paul's own statement to the jury at the conclusion of his trial. That speech—easily the greatest tour de force of its kind since Bigger Thomas's in *Native Son*—constitutes the gripping climax of *Local Deities* but not its last word. This potboiler, like the best of Dostoyevsky's a century ago, begins with the assumption that the world we inhabit is brutally wrong, and offers us, despite the largely satisfying resolutions of its several plot lines, a dialectic between compromise and purity that is, to date at least, without a final term. Small wonder, then, that for all its dramatic virtues it had to be published by a small press; and small wonder, too, that it is Curbstone, valiant publisher of several of the most important titles we have in translation from Latin American revolutionary literature. The large wonder is, indeed, that this very good, very necessary novel exists at all; and my large hope for it is that it may find the audience it both needs and deserves. □

As Time Goes By

STEVEN G. KELLMAN

HOW OLD ARE YOU? Age Consciousness in American Culture. *By Howard P. Chudacoff. Princeton University Press. 232 pp. $19.95.*

Midway through his life's journey, Jack Benny, who died in his 80th year, froze his odometer at 39. Benny's shtick might have seemed arcane in Ethiopia, where a man's life expectancy is 39.4, or early in the nineteenth century, when birthdays were of no moment. "I am a rather elderly man" is the rather foggy way the narrator of Herman Melville's 1853 "Bartleby the Scrivener" introduces himself, and the only other clarification we receive from the otherwise punctilious Wall Street lawyer is that he is "somewhere not far from 60."

Howard Chudacoff's thesis is that American obsession with and precision about age is barely 100 years old. He reports that "Happy Birthday to You," the nation's most frequently sung musical piece, dates only from 1934. He links the creation of a birthday industry to the marketing of the first birthday cards, just before World War I. Prior to that, because record keeping was casual and inability to read a calendar widespread, many people did not know precisely how old they were. Those who did, according to the diaries Chudacoff examines, did not mark the anniversaries of their birth with any special observance. There was a time when newspapers did not routinely publish the names of notables born each day as though it were crucial information. However, "in a culture that regarded age as a defining characteristic of social status and responsibility, and that accepted age as a label with the capacity to explain an individual to self and to others, the day that announced the attainment of a certain age became more than just a personal holiday," explains Chudacoff. Today, new parents are expected to recite the baby's age in weeks. The rest of us must measure out our lives in nanoseconds.

Although he alludes to urbanization and industrialization as factors (the introduction of cheap, mass-produced watches in the 1860s was a symptom and cause of chronomania), Chudacoff attributes acute age consciousness to two principal institutions: education and medicine. He locates effective compulsory mass schooling in the late nineteenth century and traces how it came to be organized by grades in which student cohorts were grouped according to birth years. The invention of the junior high school in 1910, about the same time as the creation in the Boy Scouts and the Y.M.C.A. of peer groups calibrated by age, intensified the tendency to define oneself in relation to people the same age. College dormitories became suzerainties of late adolescence, where anyone over 30

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was not so much mistrusted as missing. And medicine reorganized itself to contend with the insight that different ages face distinctive physiological challenges. The term "pediatrics" was coined and franchised in the 1870s, "geriatrics" three decades later. "How old are you?" has become our age's substitute for the more vexing question, "Who are you?"

Chudacoff alludes briefly and vaguely to Jaques's Seven Ages of Man speech from *As You Like It*, only to dismiss it as insufficient evidence of an earlier era's preoccupation with age; life spans in Shakespeare's time indicate to him that such fine gradations "were more often theoretical than experienced." Yet if consciousness is his concern, I am not sure the distinction is relevant. The fact that Elizabethans thought keenly about the stages of their lives, even if all the world did not live long enough to occupy each stage, surely demonstrates age consciousness centuries before "teenager," "midlife crisis" and "biological clock" entered English usage. Renaissance poetry is haunted by the brevity of life, and the fact that Latin tags (*tempus fugit*, *carpe diem*) came to be applied to tropes that were already clichés indicates a much earlier provenance than Shakespearean London. Horace, Herrick and Housman alike lament the passing of the years.

And yet there is a difference in the precision with which we think about age. Though Shakespeare's most notorious slip was to attribute quantified daily time to classical Rome, arranging for clocks to strike in *Julius Caesar*, the audience at his own Globe Theatre was born too soon to be serenaded on the hour by beeping wrists. By contrast, modern Western culture has rationalized and calibrated time, and our football games, space launches and classroom sessions are experienced with a fine attention to the watch's second hand. Studying nineteenth-century popular music, Chudacoff reveals that it was not until the 1880s that songs began making explicit mention of specific ages. The 1866 tune "When You and I Were Young, Maggie" does not say how young the characters were. By contrast, one verse of the 1888 hit "Where Did You Get That Hat?" begins: "At twenty-one I thought I would to my sweetheart be married." Chudacoff has little to say about recent music except to note its fragmented audience, marketed to distinct age groups. Frank Sinatra, though, specifies exactly which were very good years, and the Beatles ask whether a 64-year-old will still be fed.

Perhaps because of the way we are socialized among age cohorts—from obstetric nursery to nursery school to retirement village—our birthdates have become central to our identities. The publishers of *Seventeen*, *'Teen*, *Modern Maturity* and *Lear's* construct their constituencies around age. The age of criminal suspects has become more essential and less controversial than their race in news accounts. If the wheel were invented today, reports would likely lead with the name and age of the inventor.

During Zsa Zsa Gabor's recent brush with Beverly Hills justice, she complained that the greatest indignity was to be forced to state her age. Gabor is probably more conscious of age than most, but her grotesque fidelity to the rule that ladies not divulge their age reveals a sexist element in age consciousness that Chudacoff ignores. "Age cannot wither her" is how an awe-struck observer distinguishes Cleopatra from all other women, but the custom of definition by age is less flattering to other women. The biological rhythms of menstruation and menopause force women to be more cognizant than men of the passing years, even as convention expects them to disguise it. Age before beauty; thus does society give an old man and a young woman their queues.

Chudacoff does examine the complexities of ageism, the boon and bigotry of age consciousness in the United States. Child labor laws, juvenile courts and Social Security are far less problematic than mandatory retirement and minimum drinking ages. The youth culture of the 1960s must have seemed a juventocratic tyranny to prewar babies. But an age-blind society is less conceivable and desirable than a colorblind one. Chudacoff quotes sociologist Glen Elder Jr., who says, "We have to have age norms to anchor and structure our lives. An age-irrelevant society is a rudderless society." But does having a rudder mean that Ronald Reagan should get a senior-citizen discount when flying to Japan to collect $2 million?

Chudacoff notes that college populations have become more heterogeneous in age and that contemporary society is far less age segregated than, although just as age conscious as, that of the first half of the century. Within a span of two decades, the United States managed to elect its youngest and oldest presidents. *How Old Are You?* can probably be read with profit by anyone 14 or older. But it concludes with a banality sans teeth, sans

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eyes, sans taste: "We are a society that craves order, and age lends a sense of order to life."

Missing is a comparative perspective that would sanction Chudacoff's local claims. The United States is evidently more age conscious now than it was during the Civil War. But what about in comparison with other societies, even ones as similar as England's or Canada's? To appreciate how genuinely age conscious we are, surely we must study how the years tell in Asia and Africa. Does a sense of *mañana* affect Latin American attitudes toward age? Chudacoff draws his evidence from mainstream culture, ignoring the way black, Latino, Asian, Native American and other subcultures orient themselves toward age. The United States became age obsessed after the Darwinian revolution, at a time of increased secularization. The book might have examined whether cultures still governed by sacred time have the same sense of age. Do fashion models, coal miners and senators measure life with the same timepiece? Age consciousness is probably a professional necessity for historians. Chudacoff teaches history at Brown, and, while *How Old Are You?* does not divulge his age (he is 46), it does affirm his vocation. □

ART.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

Jenny Holzer

Jenny Holzer is to be the official U.S. representative in the 1990 Venice Biennale, and it is difficult to think of a more appropriate artistic emissary, for hers is in every sense state-of-the-art art and a symbolic condensation of our national culture—up-to-the-minute in technology, populist in format, moralistic in tone. The technology is electronic; the format that of the Broadway moving band of flashing lights in LED notation; the tone is admonitory, disapproving, chastising, practical, complacent and ominous, as if Cotton Mather had expressed the sentiments of the Puritan ethic in adman phrases and in the razzle and blaze of Las Vegas's electric signboards. Holzer is to be seen in two stupendous installations in New York City, at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum until February 11 and the Dia Art Foundation until February 18. Should anyone have doubts that art in its postmodernist phase is capable of holding a mirror up with the reflective accuracy demanded by Hamlet as a ruse for entrapping conscience, a visit to both these exhibitions should dissolve them. At both sites the viewer is enveloped in an atmosphere Barnumesque in visual extravagance, revivalist in moral urgency, Wagnerian in aesthetic ambition and transformative in spiritual intent.

Holzer has traversed an immense distance in the dozen years since she first stuck leaflets, bearing what she termed "Truisms," on bus stops and telephone booths, compilations of dour platitudes ("A man can't know what it's like to be a mother"; "Ambivalence can ruin your life") and sour adages ("An elite is inevitable"; "Abuse of power comes as no surprise"). They looked like the dubious accumulated wisdom of a self-taught evangelist who had appropriated the no-budget advertising strategy of the Off-Off-Off Broadway production, the block party, the clothing drive, the moving sale and the offers to rent you a van, groom your dog, build your bookcases, paint, plaster or clean your house, acupuncture your body and read your future, which compose the ephemeral paper excrescence of urban surfaces. The casual pedestrian, just checking it all out, would find him- or herself set straight, told what's what, when all that was expected was a useful telephone number. Her work had the astringent shock of an unmodulated voice interrupting the commercials with irrelevant one-line sermons: "Any surplus is immoral"; "Being sure of yourself means you're a fool."

At the same time, there is a startling continuity between the Holzers of 1977 and 1989, at least at the Guggenheim, where the Truisms are in lights, so the content is the same even if the embodiment is more spectacular, with spectators sitting on polished benches, taking notes, as the same redundant apothegms and injunctions coil luminiferously overhead. The Dia installation—*Laments*—is somewhat different, having the quality of a mute masque in which the characters are represented by what they would have spoken if they were present, and so by written speech each laments her or his condition when alive (they are all, in effect, communicating from beyond the tomb). I find both exhibitions extraordinary and extraordinarily powerful, and though I am uncertain whether the bitter voices at the Dia or the platitudes at the Guggenheim have made me a better person, they have transformed me into a qualified enthusiast for this odd artist.

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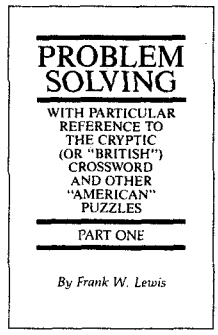
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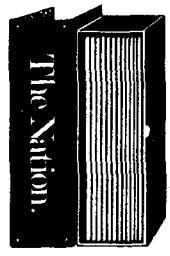

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Since the most salient feature of Holzer's work to date is the fact that it is composed of words—printed, carved or electronic (both moving and still), critics who have sought to place her in some tradition in the visual arts trace her antecedents to the Cubists, as if they had been the first to incorporate letters into pictorial space or to breach the boundary between images and words. This gives insufficient credit to Holzer's originality and too much credit to the Cubists. Words and images have occupied the same spaces at least since Grecian urns, and in fact there are two powerful traditions I know of in which words and images combine to deliver information to the viewer. The most obvious is that in which the object depicted has words as part of its surface, as with pages or banners or tablets or documents, when these occur as part of the reality depicted. Thus Botticelli shows the Virgin with a book, from which she is teaching the Christ child to read, or, in another painting, in which she herself writes with an ornamental hand. Or he shows Saint Augustine's cell with numbers on the clock face and the open text of Euclid's *Elements* on a shelf above his head. We can read the time, identify the theorems, admire the Virgin's elegant cursive, read the very text the child reads ("The Song of the Virgin"). The Cubists in fact belong to this tradition, and the fact that they often paste word-bearing fragments into their pictures, rather than draw or paint them, counts for very little: The newspaper with *Le Jour* belongs in the same space with the pipe, the pitcher, the mandolin or whatever.

The other, and in some ways older, tradition has words occurring in the pictorial space without belonging to the reality shown there. In his great political allegory in the Sala dei Nove in Siena, Ambrogio Lorenzetti writes the word PAX above the head of the female figure who personifies Peace, JUSTITIA above that of the woman holding a sword and meant to emblemize Justice, and so on. These words do not belong in the space the women occupy in the way that the bench on which they sit does, but then Lorenzetti was not doing a painting of women on benches, but of Peace and Justice ensconced, and the work is to be read as if it were a text. He was not bent upon illusion, as in a sense Botticelli was; hence the edges of the allegory are not the frame of a window through which we look onto the domestic scene of the Virgin instructing her doomed son. They are the edges of a pictorial text the words help us read. Obviously, words could occur in both ways in a pictorial text—e.g., if JUSTITIA were holding a book on which the word LEGES appeared because it was a law book. Still, the difference has to be drawn between a pictorial text like Lorenzetti's and pictures that include texts as content, like Botticelli's (or those of the Cubists). Pictorial texts were standard in Siena largely, I would argue, because the matrix of Sienese art was the book, and it is standard for words and images to appear together on the same page. The matrix of Florentine art was the window, and hence illusion goes with the one style but hardly with the other. The Sienese impulse survives in such places as the political cartoon, where the nondescript individual with glasses has the tag TAXPAYER attached to his jacket; but depicted texts tended to disappear from Western art, especially as high painterly style made it awkward to depict *lisible* texts, and it may accordingly have seemed as if the Cubists had broken if not a boundary then at least a taboo in bringing words back as legitimate subjects of depiction.

Holzer, in any case, belongs to neither tradition, in part because her medium is language rather than words, and also because any critical assessment of her work must inevitably bring in considerations that belong to rhetoric or to poetry, and issues of truth and falsity arise in ways that have no application in the traditions I have sketched. If she is to be situated in a tradition, I suppose, one has to bracket her with Blake, whose "Songs of Innocence," for example, were etched onto plates and so had to be appreciated as graphic art and as textual art at once. Holzer's language must be considered in terms of tone, voice and speech acts, and of the associations awakened by the sorts of surfaces on which the language is arrayed. To some degree, this double aspect belongs to poetry of the written tradition, in which the way the poem is shaped on the page has to be computed as part of its effect. On the other hand, the page is not the natural locus for Holzer's language. Her words appear on T-shirts, on caps, in the polished surfaces of sarcophagi and memorial benches, on throwaway sheets, bronze tablets, in electronic displays and the like, each of which has a distinct set of associations in our culture, all of which have to be taken into account. It is her choice of surfaces, taken in the knowledge of what such surfaces mean, that makes Holzer a visual artist, even if there are no images to speak of in work that in its other dimensions would be purely verbal. And since each work exploits the tensions and sympathies between word and nonverbal medium, the excitement goes well beyond what the words alone can explain.

Laments occupies an entire floor at the Dia Foundation and is divided into two spaces. The smaller one contains thirteen

QUARRY

If I told you,
you could find the quarry,

marble, that paved the streets of the town
and the mounting blocks still standing
for horses. And you could picture how it was

on a summer day like this,
stonecutters lowering themselves
a hundred feet or more, carving

what they could, the pit
blasting back the heat, the momentary
relief of a passing cloud.

And you could swim there
if you dared,
jump from the ledges,

a hundred feet of green water under you, covering
what we guess at—

the voice of the water repeating,
It's mine, it's mine.

Florence Grossman

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polished stone sarcophagi in green marble, red marble, black granite (there are nine of these) and onyx. These are laid out side by side, and each bears an inscription of the lament of the putative occupant rather than an epitaph. So the occupants are anonymous, though there are two children, ten adults and one infant, and the sad facts of their lives can be inferred from the superjacent words. The space is somewhat spookily illuminated, as if a shrine. In the larger space are thirteen vertical signboards, the Laments there appearing in the medium of lights. They shoot up from the floor in sequences of increasingly complex arrays, after which the space reverts to darkness. I found these ascending lamentations extraordinarily powerful, and they evoked a memory of a memorial service for Ivan Morris, the great Orientalist, at which Yoshito Hakeda—Sanskritist, monk and former kamikaze pilot—intoned a Sanskrit prayer. One goes to such services in part for deliverance from the power of the dead, but the speakers that day had been brittle and unshriving. Hakeda's voice rumbled like some Himalayan avalanche, and one felt an answering echo in the depths below our feet, which rose to fill the spaces of Saint Paul's chapel for as long as the chant went on. Laments *should*, literally, rise.

As an installation, *Laments* expresses a singular symbolic imagination. And it provides an experience, in consequence of its symbolism and its multidimensionality, well beyond anything that painting or sculpture alone are capable of, or even the architecture of sacred spaces. "Death is a hard subject," Holzer told Diane Waldman in an interview printed in the catalogue (as if the truism were her natural mode of speech), but she has certainly found an artistic equivalent to its hardness, even if, for the most part, death is hardly the subject of the Laments themselves. And in truth I am uncertain whether her language, in its own right, is altogether up to the level of the installation. One Lament begins, "With only my mind/To protect me/I go into days" and ends with "Make the audience/Laugh until their/Insides bubble." There is an incoherence in a voice that says its owner "goes into days" and in the same discourse also says "insides bubble." In another Lament, the beginning words are, "If the process starts/I will kill this baby/A good way" and it ends with, "Fear that is/Cause and Result." It is as if a speech by Medea ends with some philosophical jargon. Or as if Holzer's speakers are not up to the poetic occasion, which could be a deeply human and even touching fact if intended. But this erratic unevenness infects the voice of the Truisms as well, and perhaps Holzer's voice if the Truisms are hers, rather than implicitly coming from the mouth of a fictive speaker. In one series, Holzer has written, "You are trapped on the Earth, so you will explode." This cannot be something she believes, so we have to infer a character she has created who does believe it—and where then is she? What messages are hers? Or are there any?

These questions deepen at the Guggenheim, where in fact there are two installations. One, in the high gallery, as it is called, consists of six files of white marble benches, ranked in even rows, from two to seven benches in each file, in exact cardinal order. The benches bear what I shall call "communications" at once disconcerting and reassuring: "It takes a while before you can step over inert bodies and go ahead with what you were trying to do." There is something uncanny in the sepulchral order and color, and one wants an explanation of why exactly twenty-seven benches in just that arrangement. Are we supposed to progress through the benches? Is the file consisting of a single bench missing? Could there be a file of eight benches? These are inescapable questions, with no answers—after all, this is a work of art, not something made by a government or a cult, and it serves no occasion other than a meditation on itself.

The second installation occupies the floor and central core of the museum, for Holzer has seized the first three turns of the helix as a band on which to display running messages, chasing upward toward the top turn to disappear. Beneath are curved red benches forming a circle. These, too, are inscribed, but as they are occupied, it is difficult to tell whether they correspond to the messages that flash above one's head. For that matter, it is difficult to know how many messages there are. There is no accompanying script. So, though it begins and ends, the beginning and ending are not part of the experience. As with the rest, it is difficult to ascribe the messages to Holzer herself. They are messages from an oracle, or a sibyl, or a fortuneteller or someone's slightly dotty aunt, or, like texts that might wash up in a bottle, they are too remote from their (unidentified) source to do more than disturb. Art, for a long time, was thought to be illusion—fooling the senses, getting us to believe what is false. Here, just because speech is the medium of truth, there is another order of illusion: We falsely believe the words are addressed to us, and that, as with most words, they are asserted by the speaker and believed by her to be true. The work is consistently deeper than the words. □

EXCHANGE.

(*Continued From Page 186*)

times, and if they do, they must use language guaranteed to put the reader to sleep. Most important, they must swear not to have even the teensy-tiniest bit (as Monty Python used to say) of fun.

But how can one dine with "sex-addicts" in church basements, or talk with Jimmy Swaggart in Louisiana, or participate in the world's first Jack & Jill Off safe-sex orgy without smiling for a sentence or two? Only a Professor Kimmel could bring that off, because Kimmel does not sleep in the real world. *Steve Chapple*

KIMMEL REPLIES

New York City

That Hubert O'Gorman scolds me for not being scholarly enough and Steve Chapple excoriates me as an overly academic professorial prude is a good indication that my review of their books struck the balance that I sought between the ivory tower and the gutter.

Off to campus first. O'Gorman is too modest; although he has "no personal or professional ties to the authors or the institute," he has a substantial stake in the book. It was published at his university, he edited it, wrote the introduction and, I assume, shares in its royalties; he is, whether he likes it or not, an interested party. But let's look at his claims. O'Gorman writes that

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religion and prior sexual experience are more salient than gender. But the best predictor of religious devotion and prior sexual experience? Gender—"the strongest predictor" of prior sexual experience, for example, according to the authors, if not the editor. And O'Gorman writes that the sample included many people between 21 and 30 as an indication that young people were surveyed. Do I really need to point out that it was *teenage* sexuality that was so dramatically transformed by the sexual revolution?

O'Gorman's real problem is gullibility: He actually believes that responses to survey questions are useful ways to assess moral behavior and attitudes. There are three levels of analysis here: our values, our values in action (our assessments of our own or others' behaviors) and those behaviors themselves. O'Gorman and his colleagues read these texts literally and superficially, as if to understand one is to understand the other two. But values are neither passive reflections of behaviors nor are they even indicative of the ways we apply those values to other people's lives. This is especially true when it comes to sex. For example, about three-quarters of the population has disapproved of homosexuality since the General Statistical Survey started asking about it. But so what? Many people can hold such a view and also say, "Well, my cousin Jim is gay, but he's all right." We often do not hold ourselves or those we know to the same abstract standards that we profess. Just asking what we believe, without examining how we apply those beliefs, may tell us far less than we think. As Kinsey showed, it tells us nothing about our behaviors, which is why he didn't clutter his study of sexual behaviors with questions about values. Sadly, O'Gorman and his colleagues mistake one for the other, and arrive at the false conclusion that the sexual revolution never occurred. Such a conclusion might relieve the right, which is still so hard at work repressing the sexuality of young people, gays and lesbians, and women. (On this point, Chapple and Talbot are far more persuasive.) O'Gorman and his colleagues had such rich data; it is a shame that their analysis is so impoverished.

And now into the streets, or, if I read Chapple's bilious letter correctly, into some dark alley. For the moment, I'll put aside his letter's seethingly hostile tone and answer a few of his concrete objections. Of the Beastie Boys, Chapple and Talbot write of the "boyish antics" of a group quite "full of spunk," "juiced with testosterone." Their idea of good healthy fun? Beastie Adam Yauch says he's "sick of . . . all those faggots ruling the whole fucking rock 'n' roll scene like a bunch of pussies." His sexism and homophobia pass without comment from our authors. Later, when another B-Boy recites a gay-bashing joke, Chapple and Talbot mildly disapprove, and then proceed to tell the joke themselves.

Of Washington politicos, they gleefully recite a list of presidential affairs, and delight in Arturo Cruz's compulsive chasing after women, his "boyish charm," his "sincere" approach to love. "Arturo shrugs," they write, watching him try to pick up yet another. "He raises his hands. He smiles. What can you do? he is asking. Everywhere, all the time." (This is not Cruz talking, but Chapple and Talbot writing. They're just "Cruisin' with the Cruz.") Compare this idolatry with their description of the women pursued by the politicos. They write of Fawn Hall, "the bitch princess of bureaucratic sangfroid, all legs and loyalty," and Donna Rice, "of the vacant smile and the wondrous thighs." (They never describe the bodies of the men they so admire.) How, they ask in the book, "should a politician in a failing marriage like Gary and Lee Hart's handle the devil of sexual need?" (Note that the subject of the sentence is Senator Hart, not his wife. If *he's* not getting any at home, they seem to say, he has a perfect right to go out and find it elsewhere. Exonerating Gary, do they ask how Lee Hart ought to respond to a failing marriage? Do Chapple and Talbot believe that she had to confront that little devil, or does it possess only men?)

And the sexual revolution? "Americans continue to go their wild and merry way," writes Chapple in his letter. Surely I'm not the only person who finds such a celebratory tone a wee bit irresponsible. Actually, I agree with Chapple and Talbot's thesis that "the sexual revolution was transformed by the 1980s, not terminated." But Chapple exaggerates the extent to which the book attributes that to feminism and gay liberation. Their tendency to laugh along with gay-bashing humor and wink knowingly at put-downs of women are chalked up by Chapple and Talbot to their "unabashedly male and heterosexual" stance. I call it sexist and homophobic. One of Webster's definitions of "abash" is "to make self-conscious." If only Chapple and Talbot were a bit less unabashed.

The tone of Chapple's letter struts that same unabashed male and heterosexual swagger that mars the book: anti-intellectual, ad hominem, aggressively angry and often rather clever. Readers of his defensive letter will get a good idea of both the form and the content of his book. There's an obsessive trashing of the university here, but let me assure Chapple that some of us professors still love to get it on. This Chapple cannot see. Blinded by a raging case of what Alan Alda used to call "testosterone poisoning," he sounds like a grade school bully calling me out, questioning the masculinity of anyone who would disagree with him, and even tossing in a little gay-baiting for good measure. But just because he's embarrassed to be caught with his pants down doesn't mean that we now have to compare to see whose is bigger.

Michael S. Kimmel

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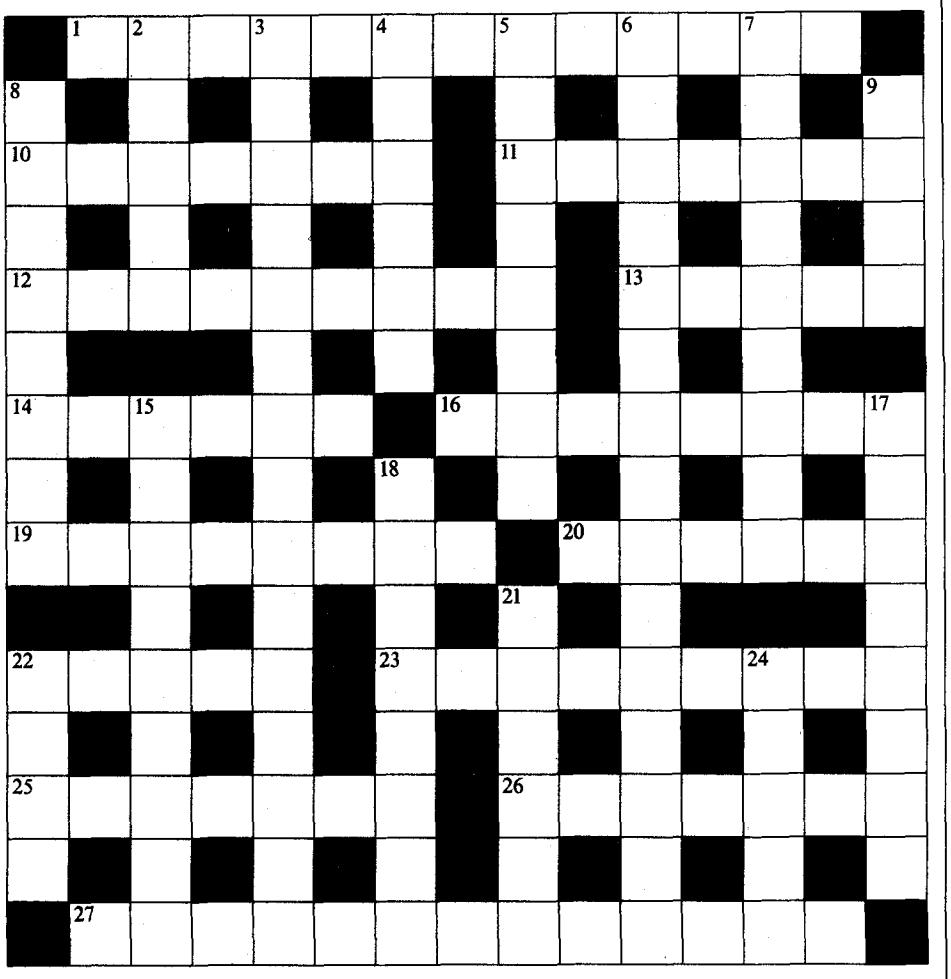

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1 Anopheles, for example—in company with a flight schedule. (6,7)
10 and 17 down Bridge airs could give them another name, just over those distinguished by eagles. (3-4,8)
11 The sort of thing, it seems, such as might improve one's batting average. (7)
12 What a knight had at first after serving as last, probably, being the next thing to cover. (5,4)
13 Such strife in the plant! (5)
14 In our alphabet, a key ingredient to cause oneself to go there? (6)
16 One of the 17 of WW-I. (In the spring, he got out of difficulty.) (8)
19 Pertaining to necessities of life, is more than one taught at school when associated with the home? (8)
20 Part of America re-enacts what people do in the lurch. (6)
22 Do certain types gather bits of information? (5)
23 Young, when Charles? (Didn't he really mean to be so?) (9)
25 A student officer would be unbeatable if only slightly changed. (7)
26 With such as Rogers under the weather, it could be harbored in the worst way! (3,4)
27 Reputedly not a good holder; however, you'll find the broken string free with it. (13)

DOWN

2 It should be obvious on top of a possible formation on the field. (5)
3 It could be Ben works the most, but one like Hubbard seems to be in with the elite crowd. (6,5,4)
4 A cardinal point with moral difficulty, when not unexpected. (6)
5 The least trouble, and you'll get the whole team, probably! (8)
6 "Don't tread on me!" was its message—from one that may strike, and then droop. (11,4)
7 To sum up, it could be minced pie, to an old baseball player! (9)
8 Left with a certain amount of know-how, and easily moved. (8)
9 Novelist who offers a word of common wonderment? (4)
15 Many worn parts, before getting spliced? (9)
17 See 10 across
18 One who argues the case rides all over the place, and gets placed inside. (8)
21 Florence's family has most of what you might get for your pains. (8)
22 A common representation of a gull. (4)
24 More like certain humor, it suggests something in the laundry. (5)

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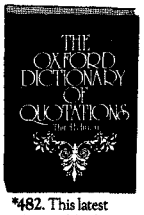

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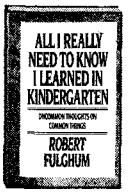

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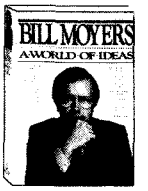

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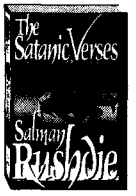

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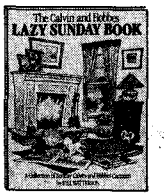

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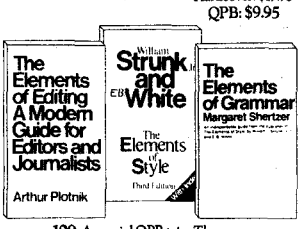
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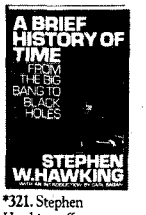

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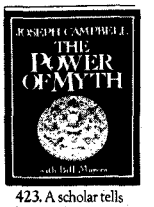

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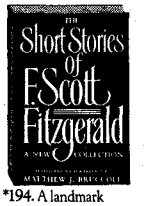

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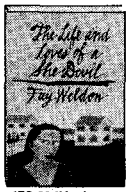

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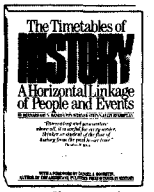

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